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No 408

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The bells are ringing, clear and sweet, The bells are ringing, clear and sweet,
Beneath the adoring ang 1s' feet,
And in our hearts are glad thoughts born
By jubilant bells of Christmas morn.
For in a manger, poor and low,
Was born the Christ-child, years ago,
And shepherds, on the hills afar,
Were told the tidings by a star.
Oh, ring, glad bells, ing loud and sweet,
The song which ages shall repeat,
Which angels sung on Christmas still,
Of Peace on Earth, to Men Good Will.

Of Peace on Earth, to Men Good Will.

Oh, Christ-child, in a manger born,
The stars sung on thy birthday-more,
While, or died on thy mother's breast,
The wise men sought thy place of rest,
And peace descended on the earth,
In honor of thy holy birth.
Ah! thou hast died for us, and them
Who halled thee king at Bethlehem
Oh, ring, glad bells, ring loud and sweet,
The song which ages shall repeat,
Which angels sung on Christmas still,
Of Peace on earth, to Men Good Will.

Oh, song, a-down the centuries rolled,
Ob, song, which never can grow old!
Oh, Christ-child, born a cross to bear
That we, at last, a crown might wear—
Let us, like scepherds to thy feet
Bring love, as tribute-offering meet,
And worship there, while angels sing
In praise of Jesus Christ, our king.
Oh, ring, glad bells, ring loud and sweet,
The song which ages shall repeat,
Which angels sung on Christmas still,
Of Peace on Earth, to Men Good Will.

Wife or Widow?

ETHELIND ERLE'S ENEMY

BY RETT WINWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A GIRL'S HEART," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST BRIDAL EVE. "What do you think of marriage?
I take it as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains a heaven or hell;
There's no third place in it."—Webster.

A MYSTICAL stir was in the house. Beautiful exotics decorated hall and corridor, and flanked the grand central staircase with bud, blossom and arches of living green. The air seemed

and arches of living green. The air seemed heavy with the perfume of violets and heliotrope, and at the far end of the spacious drawing-room hung the traditional marriage-bell, pure, perfect and stainless as though fairy fingers had fashioned and suspended it.

It was Ethelind Erle's wedding-eve. Glenoaks, the lovely country-seat of her guardian, Colonel Philip Falkner, had been profusely decorated for the occasion. Most of the guests were already in the house, making the scene brilliant with their rich toilets and glittering jewels.

The windows stood wide open, their hangings The windows stood wide open, their hangings of delicate lace swaying gently in the soft May breeze that crept up from the placid bosom of the bay. The moon stood trembling on the eastern horizon, as if eager yet half-afraid to pour its pearl-white flood over the slumbering hills and valleys and the waiting tide that washed the amber sand below. Fair as a dream of Eden

was the scene.

Before a cheval-glass in one of the upper chambers stood Dolores Gloyne. She was to be bridemaid, and wore the traditional white; but her olive complexion and usually ruddy cheeks looked quite ghastly in the brilliant light that pervaded the room. In her shaking fingers she held a scented note. a scented note.

"Come to me in the conservatory, Dolores," it said. "You can steal away easily enough in the crowd. I must see you alone, and this may be our only opportunity. The young girl crushed the note impatiently

"I must go," she murmured. "Vincent might do something reckless if I refused to see him. But it is very wrong to meet him clandestinely after the promise grandpapa extorted fron Catching up a shawl that lay on one of the chairs, she flung it over her shoulders and stepped to the door. There was noise and bustle enough in the lower rooms, but the corridor

enough in the lower rooms, but the corridor seemed deserted; and with a quick-drawn breath she flitted down the broad passage.

Near the landing was a small alcove curtained with crimson damask. Just as Dolores passed this recess, an arm was suddenly thrust out from the drapery, and she felt herself drawn forcibly forward.

'Is it you, darling?" breathed a low, musical

Dolores drew back with a startled exclama-

tion.

"Raymond—you here!" she uttered, glancing into the dark, handsome face so close to her own.

"You frightened me dreadfully."

The hand fell from her arm.

"I beg your pardon, dear cousin," said the young man, in a cold, changed voice. "These halls are so confoundedly dark that I mistook you for Ethelind. Why do you come stealing upon one muffled up like that?"

"I have an errand down-stairs, and my white

"Thave an errand down-stairs, and my white dress seemed so conspicuous."

"Where did you leave Miss Erle?"

"She is still in her chamber, I suppose. Have you any message for her?"

"Thank you—none. I can wait. Another hour and she will be my wife. Then I shall have no use for go-betweens."

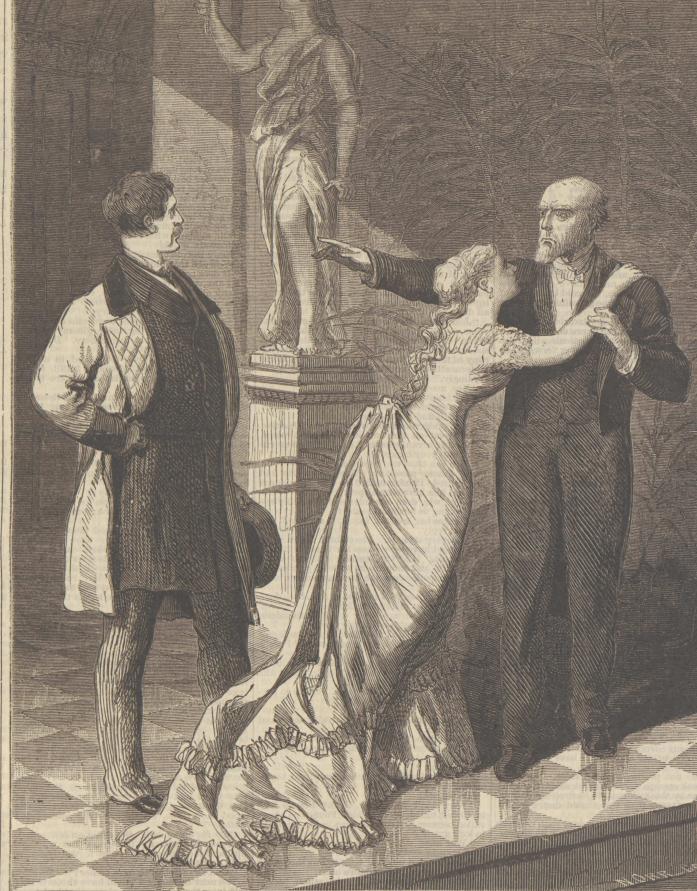
There was so much exultation in his voice that

There was so much exultation in his voice that

There was so much exultation in his voice that Dolores again lifted her eyes quickly. The face into which she gazed was magnificent in its beauty, and most women found it irresistibly attractive. But a shiver of repulsion ran over the girl. Raymond Challoner was her cousin—almost her only living relative; nevertheless, she did not altogether trust him.

"I hope you will make Ethelind a good husband, Raymond," she said, earnestly.

"Am I not an idolatrous lover?"
Dolores sighed.



"I was so miserable-so unhappy! I meant to say farewell, and then see him no more."

"I would die, if necessary, for my beautiful bride. Is not that enough?"

A half-mocking smile curled his lips, and he turned impatiently away. Dolores once more gathered up her shawl, and ran swiftly on to the back staircase. If she wished to see Vincent Erle and return before the hour appointed for the ceremony, there was no time to lose.

The shortest route to the conservatory lay through the large dining-hall, where the wedding supper with its flowers, cut-glass and costly plate was already laid out. The three or four husy attendants scarcely noticed the muffled

plate was already laid out. The three or four busy attendants scarcely noticed the muffled figure that glided, ghost-like, down the long avenue between the groaning tables, and disap-peared in the cool green shadows beyond. Not a single eye followed the girl with curiosity or

Dolores paused just within the conservatory, and was straining her eyes through the perfumed obscurity of the place when a rustling sound fell upon her ears, and a man emerged from behind a trellis of the luxuriant bignonia. "How long you were in coming, Dolores!" he exclaimed, catching her in his arms.

She laid her cheek against his shoulder, and answered with a repressed sob:

"Oh, Vincent! It was wrong for me to come at all!"

Wrong?"

"Wrong?"
"I promised grandpapa, before leaving home, that I would avoid you. Now you have tempted me to break my word."
"It was cruel of him to extort such a promise!" said the young man, indignantly.
"I know he has my best interests at heart. Poor grandpapa! It seems base and ungrateful to deceive him, when he has done so much for me."

me."
A shade of disdain crossed Viscent Erle's handsome blonde face.
"You take too grave a view of the offense,

"These fierce, headstrong passions are not the ones that endure longest, or that will suffer most."

"I would die, if necessary, for my beautiful bride. Is not that enough?"

"A half-mocking smile curled his lips, and he turned impatiently away. Dolores once more gathered up her shawl, and ran swiftly on to the back staircase. If she wished to see Vincent Erle and return before the hour appointed for

It is shameful! 'Hush!" whispered Dolores, in a shivering ice. "Try to bear with him for my sake."

"I have borne too long already."
"I have borne too long already."
"Don't speak like that. It pains me to hear you. But it is not prudent to linger here. Tell me why you sent for me, Vincent, that I may return to my own room."
"I believe you are anxious to be rid of me!" was the half-sullen exclamation.
"Oh, no, no. But you know as well as I do the risk we run in coming here."

the risk we run in coming here."

There was a moment's silence, and the young man drew her still more closely to his side.

"There must be an end of this," he said, in a low voice that was scarcely audible. "We seem no nearer the consummation of our happiness than we were twelve months ago. I have made up my mind. When this wedding is once over, I shall go to old Mr. Challoner, and make a clean

Dolores threw up her hands, a look of real "Oh, Vincent! my heart misgives me. Promise me that you will do nothing rash. My grandpapa might curse me in his anger, and that I could not bear. Wait—be patient a little

longer."
Her breath caught itself in hysterical sobs, and she would have hid her face on his shoulder had he not suddenly pushed her from him.
"Compose yourself," he whispered. "I am certain I heard footsteps."
Dolores clung faint and trembling to the trellis. After a moment of intense suspense, her worst fears were realized. Forth from the

ed her, his face crimson with rage.
"You vixen!" he hissed. "How dared you disobey me? How dared you meet this fellow in opposition to my wishes?"
She sprung forward and clung to his arm, her

"Do not be angry with me, dear grandpapa!" she pleaded. "I was so miserable—so unhappy! How could I keep my word with Vincent and my own heart tempting me to break it? I meant

to say farewell, and then see him no more."
Rudely repulsing her, Mr. Challoner turned to Vincent Erle.

to Vincent Erle.

"What excuse have you to offer for your dishonorable conduct?" he haughtily demanded.

"None," was the cold response. "I have done nothing that I should not do over again, under like provocation. Let your displeasure be visited upon me alone—that is all I ask. It was I who tempted Dolores to deceive you."

Mr. Challoner gazed steadfastly at the young man, without, sreaking for several seconds.

man, without speaking, for several seconds. Then, contemptuously turning his back on him, he grasped the hand of his granddaughter, led her back into the dining-hall, and carefully closed the door. "I am surprised that you should betray the trust I reposed in you, Dolores" he said, sternly. "To avoid remark, I consented that you rould come to Glenoaks and assist at the wed-

ding of your cousin Raymond. Knowing, as you do, in what disfavor I hold Vincent Erle, it is strange that you should take a base advantage of the situation."

more composed, and leaning a little toward him, said in an eager whisper:

"I wish you would tell me why you are so bitterly opposed to Vincent. You never assigned any good and sufficient reason for the dislike you profess to feel."

"He is not a suitable match for you."

"Because of his poverty."

"Because of his poverty?"

"That is one of the reasons."

"You did not oppose Raymond's marriage with Vincent's sister, Ethelind."

"True."
The girl's lip took a scornful curve. The girl's lip took a scornful curve.

"I think I understand the real nature of the distinction you would make," she said, almost bitterly. "Ethelind was fortunate enough to fall heir to her mother's fortune, while poor Vincent has nothing. It is merely a question of bonds, bank stock and dividends."

"Nay, child, you are mistaken. Ethelind is a noble young woman—even the proudest family might feel honored to welcome her to its circle. Vincent, unfortunately, does not resemble her in character or disposition."

The girl's face suddenly became white and drawn as if with pain.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"Simply this, that I have no confidence in the man, or in his professions. Let that suffice. We will speak of him no more. You must give him up. I shall not brook a second act of disobedience."

obedience."

Turning as he spoke, he left her without another word. Dolores stood for some moments like one stunned. She turned giddily from the sight of glittering plate and snowy damask of the wedding banquet as if it had sickened her. At length she groped her way up the deserted staircase, murmuring with livid lips:

"Ah, how little does my grandfather guess of the shameful truth! And, God help me! how can I ever tell him? I am too miserable to live! Dear, dear Vincent! I cannot think evil of you—I will not! It would kill me. May God keep you true to me—true to yourself!"

CHAPTER II.

THE UNWILLING SUPPLIANT. "Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay."
—MISS PROCTOR.

Dolores had scarcely regained the shelter of her own room, and thrown aside her heavy shawl, when slow, dragging steps descended the corridor. Looking up expectantly as the door swung open, she saw the bride-elect, Ethelind Erle, totter across the threshold.

"Oh, my poor friend! What brings you here?"

bere?"

Dolores started impulsively forward as she asked the question. Whiter than her bridal-robes, Ethelind stood before her, her fair oval face twitched with pain, and her eyes, so like violets in calmer moods, looking straight forward in a dreary stare absolutely appalling.

"Hide me!" the poor creature cried at length, imploringly. "Dolores, you are my only friend. Lock and double-lock the door. I want no one but you."

Dolores shoved the bolt into its socket; then, returning, she gently took Ethelind's hand and drew her to a seat.

"What has happened?" she said, compassion-

ately. "Tell me all about it!"
"I want to get away—away from him!" cried
Ethelind, wildly. "I—hate him. "Tis of no
use struggling against the feeling. It grows
more and more intense. I believe I am mad tonight. My head is burning. Oh, Dolores, pity

"I do pity you," was the gentle answer. "Is this marriage so extremely distasteful to you?"
"I would rather die than become Raymond Challoner's wife."

Challoner's wife."

Dolores sighed, and a heavy weight settled upon her heart. She had long suspected that Raymond did not possess all the love of the bride he had chosen, but this active, intense repugnance shocked and surprised her.

"Oh, why did you not speak of this before it was too late?" she exclaimed.

Ethelind dropped her eyes and shuddered.

"I feel like one just waking from a dream. I never fully realized what I had done until tonight when I roused up to find myself arrayed in these hateful robes. Oh, if they were only my shroud it would not matter!"

"It is wicked to say such things, Ethelind."

shroud it would not matter!"

"It is wicked to say such things, Ethelind."

"Is it? I do not know. In the grave there is peace and rest. Oh, if I were only there!"

She started to her feet, and began to march restlessly up and down the room, her hands clasped tightly on her bosom. Like the ghost of a bride she looked with her ghastly face—in which the only spots of color were the violetblue of her eyes—and her trailing satin robe over which fell, uncared for, the fleecy folds of the bridal-vail. bridal-vail.

At length she paused before a Japanese cabinet that stood in one corner of the room. She remained there motionless so long that Dolores, softly following her, saw that her eyes were fixed upon a small dagger of fore gn workmanship that reposed on one of the shelves.

"Better death than a life of misery," muttered the half-crazed creature. "God is merciful her knows my temptation and despair—he will

he knows my temptation and despair—he will

forgive me."
With a frenzied laugh she seized the dagger, and in another moment would have buried it in her bosom had not Dolores arrested the up-

"My God, Ethelind, what would you do?"
"Let me alone! Why did you seek to hinder

"My poor friend, do you not know that self-destruction is the one sin that Heaven itself cannot pardon?"

not pardon?"
A distressing wail broke from Ethelind's lips, her limbs trembled, and she sunk down on the floor as if strength had suddenly deserted her.
"I told you I was mad."
"I believe, on my soul, you are. Come, let me remove your wreath and vail and you shall lie down on my bed until you are more com-

that Raymond should have a mad-woman for his

bride."

"There shall be no marriage! If no other voice is lifted against such a wicked proceeding mine shall be. Oh, Ethelind, why did you cloak your real feelings until this late hour?"

"It was a part of my madness," she added, while a shudder passed through her. "I have acted like an insane person all these weeks. It was pique that caused me to accept Raymond Challoner. I plighted my troth to him while my whole heart belonged to another."

There was a silence. Dolores felt herself turn paler, but she leaned over the stricken creature,

whole heart belonged to another.

There was a silence. Dolores felt herself turn paler, but she leaned over the stricken creature, gently clasping her arms about her.

"Let me go to Colonel Falkner, your guardian, and tell him all this."

A sudden scarlet flamed over that pallid face,

creeping up to the roots of her glinting auburn hair. She quickly arrested it, and said at length in a scarcely-audible voice:

"Do you think Colonel Falkner would help

me?

'I do."
'Where is he?" "Down-stairs, among the guests, I suppose."
"Very well. You may find him, and bring him here."

"Very well. You may find fill, and shing him here."

Dolores poured a glass of water, and when Ethelind had swallowed it she led her to an easy-chair beside the open window. The curtains were looped back and the moonlight streamed into the room. The faint perfume of violets and mignonette was on the air.

"Take courage. All may yet be well."

Having uttered these comforting words, she went out hastily. Her own troubles had no place in her consciousness at that moment. She descended the grand staircase without giving a second thought to the curious eyes that were upon her, though a very audible whisper reached her ears ere she gained the lower hall.

"That is Miss Gloyne. She is to be bridemaid. Isn't her dress becoming?"

One of the servants stood near the drawing-

One of the servants stood near the drawing-room door, and to him she spoke in suppressed

"I must see Colonel Falkner. Please find him, and ask him to come here." The servant bowed, and hurried away. Three minutes later, a tall, powerfully-built man of two-and-thirty had taken her hand and was bendtwo-and-unity had taken her hand an was conting over it. He was distinguished-looking rather than handsome. His eyes were large, and of a deep gray, his hair black. It was a face that never failed to attract.

"John says you were asking for me, Dolores,"

"Yes, Colonel Falkner—Ethelind is in my room. She is in trouble. You had better go to

He looked at her with a glance of surprise

"There has been no blundering in the arrangements, I trust?"

ments, 1 trust?"

"It isn't that. Will you go?"

"It lacks but ten minutes of the hour appointed for the ceremony," he said, referring to his watch. "Yes, come quickly; we have no time

They passed together up the stairs, under the arches of living green with which they were decorated. At the door of her own room Dolores paused, and signed for Colonel Falkner to enter I will wait here," she said.

He went in and closed the door. A sudden thrill went to his heart as his gaze rested upon that drooping, listless figure at the window. He trembled as he drew nearer.

"Ethelind, I am here. What can I do for

At the sound of his voice she half-rose, with At the sound of his voice she half-rose, with clenched hands, but instantly fell back again.
"If you do not save me," she said, in a sharp, unsteady whisper, "I am lost."
"Save you! From what?"
"A broken heart—a blighted life."
Colonel Falkner looked at her curiously. She was shivering, and her face shone deadly pale in the lamplight; but her blue eyes burned and clittered feverishly bright.

glittered feverishly bright.
"Has Raymond done anything to offend you?"

"Has Raymond done anything to offend you?"
he asked, after a brief pause.

"Raymond! Don't speak his name!" she
cried, vehemently. "I hate him. I dread his
presence—I shrink from his touch—oh, would
that I could hide away from him forever!"

"Poor child! How long has this been so?"
A hysterical laugh broke from her lips.

"How long? It has never been otherwise. He
was always distasteful to me—always."

was always distasteful to me-always.

Why, then, did you betroth yourself to him? tone of gentle reproof seemed to sting he beyond all her powers of self-control. Leaning

toward him, she said quite fiercely: "And you ask that—you who might have saved me, by a kind word or a loving look, from this living death? Great God!"

"Ethelind!"

"Let me speak. It is better so. The shame of the confession may kill me. But for your indifference I might never have given myself to another. I hoped to forget you—in time. Oh, vain delusion! And I hoped that you, too, would feel a little prick of pain when we were parted forever. Good heavens! That was a madder thought than the other! You do not care how deeply I suffer."

Colonel Falkner himself turned very pale as

Colonel Falkner himself turned very pale as he listened to her ravings. In vain he tried to check them. The confession was as humiliating to him as it could be to herself; and he realized

the overpowering shame that must be hers when she came to her better senses.

"Try to calm yourself," he said, earnestly.

"Just now you are excited and delirious, and

know not what you are saying."
"Bear with me a little longer," she went on in low-toned entreaty. "I scarcely know when in low-toned entreaty. "I scarcely know when this passion took root in my heart—it seems as though it had always been there. At fi was only a child's worship of an ideal hero. during the six months that have elapsed since you returned from that long, long sojourn in Europe, it has developed into the love of a pas-

Colonel Falkner gave a shrinking gesture, as if the words only pained and distressed him.

After a silence he gained resolution to say:

"You are my ward, Ethelind—many years

my junior. I invariably think of you as a child. "Suffering develops one early. He turned partially away.

"This is a profitless subject, my poor child Let us dismiss it now and forever." She rose suddenly, stood before him, and lifted her cold, white face.
"I have sometimes suspected that a prior pas-

sion had closed your heart against me," she said, in a whisper. "Tell me, is it so?" in a whisper. "Tell me, is it so?"
"Men seldom reach my age unscathed." Speaking thus, he drew from his breast-pocket small locket studded with jewels, opened it

and held it toward her.

Ethelind bent to look. The dark, passionate, bewildering face that smiled on her from the painted ivory seemed just such another as that for which Marc Antony flung a world away. "You loved the original of that picture?" she

said, very low. 'Perhaps you love her still."

She gasped a little.

Did you meet her abroad?"

Another pause. For her life she could not go on with the interrogatory. She stood like a marble woman, the pitiless lamplight shining on her livid face.

"I hope you were happy in your love," at last she contrived to say, with a smile that was only

pitiful. "No, for it wrecked and cursed my life."
She tried to look at him, but her eyelids drooped with a slight quivering that betrayed how deeply her nature was wrought upon. Suddenly her fragile figure began to sway violently, and she put out both hands like a person groping in the dark

I am faint—I am ill!" she gasped. He sprung forward and caught her in his arms just as, with a long moan, she would have fallen senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER III. A TORTURED HEART.

"I cannot love him,
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
A gracious person, yet I cannot love him."
—SHALSPEARE

COLONEL FALKNER had been an officer in the late war, winning his title in wild scenes of carnage and bloodshed; but it had never before fallent to his lot to see a woman in a deadly swoon, and he found himself helpless as a child.

A pang of self-reproach thrilled him as he gazed upon her deathly-white face resting so unconsciously upon his breast.

gazed upon her deathly-white face resting so unconsciously upon his breast.

"May Heaven forgive me if I have been in fault for this," he muttered.

Raising his voice he called sharply to Dolores, who had remained on guard outside the door. She entered, looking nervous and flurried.

"Mercy on me!" she ejaculated, taking in the situation at a glance. "The hour has struck—they are looking for Ethelind—and now she has fainted on our hands!"

fainted on our hands!" With ready presence of mind she removed the bridal-wreath and vail, viciously tossing them into the darkest corner of the room; then wheel-

ed a low couch up to the open window.

"Let her lie here, where the cool air will blow over her. That will do. Now lock the door, or we shall be invaded by every bridemaid in the

The caution did not come a moment too soon Colonel Falkner had scarcely turned the key when an impatient knock sounded on the door, and a treble voice outside demanded news of the bride, who was missing from her chamber.
"Ethelind is here, with me," Dolores called
out. "Go away. We will join you present-

The hour has struck, and Mr. Challoner is

waiting at the foot of the stairs."
"Tell him to be patient."
She looked dismayed, however, as she bent ver the senseless bride with smelling-salts and

"This is no ordinary fainting-fit," she whisered. "I feel half-afraid."
"What is to be done?"

"Let us wait and see."
Dolores recalled every remedy she had ever known to be employed in such cases, but all in vain. Not a single symptom of returning animation came back to those rigid limbs and marble-like features.

"A physician must be summoned," Colonel Falkner said at length, in a nervous tone. "She night die?" "Yes, we are doing her no good. You can slip out quietly. I will undertake to keep the room clear until Dr. Lance arrives."

At this moment an imperative knock sounded

on the door.

on the door.

"Open," said a haughty voice. "I must and will know the reason of this delay."

"It is my mother," whispered Colonel Falkner. "She must be admitted, of course."

He undid the fastenings, and Mrs. Falkner entered, looking very stately and grand in her black velvet dress, with the Falkner diamonds sparkling on her arms and at her throat. A remarkably handsome woman in spite of her sixty-odd years was the mistress of Glenoaks, and many a youthful belle might have coveted the purity of her complexion, the cold brilliancy of her steel-gray eyes, and the graceful poise of her well-shaped head.

well-shaped head.
"Philip—you here!" she exclaimed, as her startled gaze rested on the figure of her son. He pointed silently to the motionless figure on the couch. Mrs. Falkner sprung forward, effectually startled out of her self-control.
"Ethelind! Good heavens! What has happened to the poor child?"

"It is a fainting-fit."
"Of course. But, what could have caused it?
Dear me. Was ever anything so unfortunate?
I'm afraid the wedding will have to be put off,
and all our friends sent home again."
Colonel Falkner went out hastily to dispatch

Colonel Falkner went out hasfily to dispatch one of the servants for the family-physician. Long hefore Dr. Lance arrived, however, in spite of every precaution taken, it began to be whispered about in the lower rooms that the bride-elect had suddenly fallen ill, and there was likely to be no wedding.

One of the first persons to besiege the room in which Ethelind lay was Raymond Challoner himself. He looked pale, anxious and nervous.

"She will be better soon—will she not?" he

said, in a half-imploring whisper, stealing to the side of Dolores. Well enough for the ceremony to go on?" Certainly not," Dolores answered, sharp-

You must give her up for the present thank God He looked at her fiercely.

"Why do you conclude your sentence with a thanksgiving?" he demanded.
"Because Ethelind will have a respite she greatly requires. Do you not realize what has prought her to this pass? She does not love you, and the thought of the marriage is killing

She will think better of it when all is over. "She will think better of it when all is over."

"You had better give her up."

"I am not so magnanimous," said Raymond, with a slight sneer. "She is necessary to my happiness, and I shall hold her to her plighted word. What else could you expect?"

"Nothing—from you," Dolores answered, bitterly. "A nobler man would have decided differently."

'I do not profess to be a saint. But I am not weak enough to be turned aside from my purpose by this unfortunate contretemps."

"It is strange that you should desire an un willing bride." But you are not madly in love with one who simply regards you with toleration," he answer ed, ere he turned away.

An hour later there came a faint, tremulous mo tion about Ethelind's closed lids, and her eyes opened, sending one quick, startled glance all

Philip, where are you?" she cried, wildly. Colonel Falkner drew near and took her

d. Rouse yourself, Ethelind," he said, trying h ready tact to shield her. "You have been with ready tact to shield her. remember now," she faintly panted.

was dressed for the wedding-the guests were A frightened look came on her face, and the words died away in an unintelligible murmur Just at that instant she caught a glimpse of Ray

mond Challoner himself standing near in his elegant evening costume, looking at her search ingly. She shuddered violently, and closed her I am glad you are better, darling," he whis

pered, bending over her.
"Go away," she panted. "Go, and leave me with Dolores. I am too ill to talk." Dr. Lance now interposed in her behalf, and in a few minutes the room was cleared of all whose presence there was superfluous.

All that night and most of the next day Ethelind lay on the couch, white, silent, and helpless.

Her only interest in life seemed a desire to be let alone. Her hands remained, for the most part, folded on her bosom, and her eyes looked straight

torted on her bosom, and her eyes looked straight forward in a fixed, dreamy stare.

Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Falkner came upstairs for the first time since the previous night.

"Do try to rouse yourself, child," she said, drawing near the couch. "Poor Raymond suffers dreadfully. He does nothing but pace the floor, and send messengers to inquire how you are getting on "

Why does he not go away?" Ethelind asked

in a constrained voice.

"And leave you like this?"

"I could recover just as well without him."

Mrs. Falkner gave way to a feeling of halfangry impatience "I don't know

"I don't know the reason of your singular words and actions, Ethelind, and I have no desire to inquire into it. But really you ought to give Raymond credit for possessing a little lover-like sympathy.'

No answer

can take place."

Ethelind hid her face in the pillow and shud-

"Put it off as long as possible—that is all I ask," she said, and then she broke out crying, hysteri

CHAPTER IV. THE LADY OF LORN.

"I'll dwell alone, alone,
And none shall touch me—none shall look
On me."—Barry Cornwall.

A LITTLE less than two miles distant from Glenoaks, on a steep declivity overlooking the broad blue waters of the bay that finally lost itself in the blue brine of the Atlantic, stood a dark, weird, gloomy old house known far and near by the singular, but in this case appropriate, name of Lorn.

"A "lorn" marsion it was in truth standing.

ate, name of Lorn.
"A "lorn" mansion it was in truth, standing solitary and alone on its eminence, and ever presenting the same dark, gray, forbidding aspect to the world, as if defying the ravaging hand of time itself. It was

"A house—but under some prodigious ban Of excommunication."

Shame, misfortune, or death had speedily over-taken its different owners, one after another, until the simple country folk were led to avoid the desolate mansion as a place accursed, and it was left to molder tenantless and forsaken

as its prophetic name implied.

Suddenly the whole countryside was electrified by the rumor that a wealthy young widow, Mrs. Faunce, had purchased Lorn, and was coming to take possession immediately—possibly to bury some deep sorrow in the seclusion it offered

A few days later, vans of handsome furniture began to arrive, pictures in boxes, musical in-struments, and various articles of vertu and in-terest which went to show that the new owner of Lorn must be a lady of culture and æsthetic

At length Mrs. Faunce arrived with her little At length Mrs. Faunce arrived with her little retinue of servants. The young widow betrayed no inclination to cultivate the acquaintance of her neighbors, however. She denied herself to everybody who called, and all that the outer world saw of her was the occasional vision of a slender vailed figure standing on the balconies or restlessly pacing the weed-choked paths that interlaced each other throughout the grounds.

Late one sultry afternoon—it was two day ubsequent to the interrupted wedding at Glen two of the women servants were engaged n dusting and cleansing one of the long passage branching off from the main hall, when Mrs Faunce drew near. She had on the disguising mantle she always wore when not in her own private apartments, and the obnoxious vail cov-

red and concealed her face.
Only one servant out of all that household had ever seen her dressed differently, and that one was Joan Withers, the gaunt little old woman with the yellow face and crooked shoulders, who started up from her knees, and stood in re-spectful silence while her mistress drew near. The other, Pheebe Jelly, had been picked up in

New York just before the removal to Lorn; and to her Mrs. Faunce was, and had been from th first, an embodied mystery. The girl would have given her right hand, almost, for the privi-lege of seeing that shrouded figure divested of all disguise. "Joan," Mrs. Faunce said, in a low, melodiou

voice, as she languidly approached, "the picture of the 'Crucifixion' is to be hung in the vacant space between those windows, and the marble copy of the Virgin and child placed on a stand underneath it. You may instruct Martin accordingly. madam."

"The 'Last Supper' will show to the best advantage against the blank wall opposite."
"It shall find a place there, madam."
"You understand all my whims and fancies, Joan," went on the sorrowfully sweet voice.

Joan," went on the sorrowfully sweet voice.
"The other arrangements I shall give over entirely into your hands."
"You can trust me, dear lady."
Mrs. Faunce passed on. The instant she had disappeared Phœbe turned to her companion

msappeared Phose turned to her companion and said in a hurried whisper:

"Joan, why does our mistress invariably appear among us in that disguise?"

"She has her reasons for it, I suppose," was

the cold reply. "It is very strange. I have been here a week to-day, and have never seen her face."
"Humph. Had you been here all the weeks till be compelled to make the same acknowledge

"You might as well say I'm a fool, and done with it," Phœbe angrily exclaimed.

Joan smiled, shrugged her crooked shoulders, and went on equably with her work.

"I'll see what she looks like before I'm many

days older, and know the reason why!" Phœbe ittered, sullenly.
'Humph! Take my advice, and never meddle with what doesn't concern you. It is the

Joan, do you know why Mrs. Faunce so per-I may—or may not "Perhaps she has been frightfully disfigured

Joan made no reply. "Or had portions of her face eaten away by a No answer. 'Or is rendered hideous by some livid birth-

mark. Silence, still.
"Why don't you speak, Joan?" Phœbe irritably demanded. "Does Mrs. Faunce go about vailed because her countenance is too frightful

You must draw your own conclusions: I have no information to give."

Phœbe started up, as if tempted to throw her dusting-brush at the woman's head.
"You are a provoking old witch, Joan!
Whatever the mystery, I am sure her husband's

death had nothing to do with it, or with the se-clusion in which she lives. By the way, when and where did did Mr. Faunce die?" I do not keep the family record."
What! you won't even tell me that?"

"I prefer not to speak of any matter that my mistress shows a disposition to keep to her-"Oh, I'd like to shake you!" gasped Phœbe. "Well, keep your secrets. One of these days I shall learn all about them without any help from

Perhaps. After a short silence, Phœbe added in a medi It is very possible that Mrs. Faunce has

taken a vow to wear a vail for a certain period, as a penance for some real or fancied sin." an smiled again. "Do you know why she settled down in this lonely place?"

"And approve so singular a whim?"
"No, I cannot truthfully say that I do approve it. But Mrs. Faunce is very self-willed, and it is useless to oppose any caprice she sets

Having uttered these words, Joan shut her lies if the sets her heart upon carrying out."

Having uttered these words, Joan shut her lips firmly together, and picking up brush and broom, hurried down the passage as if anxious to put an end to the catechism. Phœbe kept on at her work for some time

onger; but curiosity had been excited to fever-bitch, and she suddenly resolved to gratify it at hatever hazard. "Here's a mystery right under my nose," she thought; "and that horrid old woman laughs at me and shrugs her shoulders as much as to say 'Hands off.' I'll find out what it means if I die

Glancing half fearfully all round, and listening intently for a moment or two, Phœbe stole on tiptoe down the passage, and after doubling several corners, reached at length a door that

"He sent me to inquire how soon the wedding | ment—the sound of her voice, reading aloud, fell | ipon Phœbe's ear as she paused, trembling and palpitating, with her hand on the knob. There

palpitating, with her hand on the knob. There was a mournful cadence in those low, bell-like tones, that strangely impressed the listener.

At length the girl gathered courage to cross the threshold. The room was large and lofty, and furnished with exquisite taste. Mrs. Faunce sat at the upper end, an Indian screen of elaborate design concealing her from the view of any one standing in the passage.

Stealing forward with a soft, gliding movement, Phoebe pushed her head inch by inch beyond the margin of the screen. Mrs. Faunce sat with her back toward her. The obnoxious vail lay on a chair within reach. Her head, now fully exposed to view, was purely classic in its

fully exposed to view, was purely classic in its outlines; immense coils of purplish black hair, pure and shining as bands of richest satin, surmounted it. Her countenance was hidden; only one ear, exquisitely tinted as a sea-shell, and the delicate formation of the shapely chin, were

The musical tones died abruptly away. Mrs. The musical tones died abruptly away. Mrs. Faunce must have caught a glimpse of the incruder in the full-length mirror that hung opposite, for, uttering an angry exclamation, she suddenly caught up the vail, threw it over her head and face, and confronted the now thoroughty, frightened cirl.

What is your business here?" she haughtily demanded.
"I—I—thought you rung," stammered Phoebe, cowering under the intense glare of eyes that seemed fairly to scorch her face, even through the thick folds of the vail they had to pene-

rate. "Joan always answers my bell. I believed the arrangement was generally understood."
"Forgive me, madam. I meant no harm."
Mrs. Faunce made a gesture of impatience.

Mrs. Faunce made a gesture of impatience.
"Enough. Your motive in thus intruding is clearly palpable to me."
"Oh, madam, I'm sorry enough now for what I have done," ejaculated Phœbe, clasping her hands. "Only say that you will forgive me."
"Very well. The first offense shall be pardened but I want you well to say the say of the part of the water it.

doned, but I warn you not to repeat it. No one, not even Joan, presumes to enter this room without first knocking for permission."

She haughtily waved her hand as a sign of dismissal, and when Phoebe had shrunk out at the door looking very crestfallen, this strange woman turned, and began walking up and down

with hurried, uneven steps.
"I might have known that the mystery in which I choose to enshroud myself would awaken curiosity in vulgar minds," she mutterawaken curiosity in vulgar minds," she muttered. "Shall I gain anything whatever by this new caprice? Oh, pitying Heaven," she cried, wildly throwing up her clasped hands, "help me or I perish! Oh, would that I had slept in my grave long ago! It would have been better for me—far better for others!"

Before the paroxysm had passed, Joan's muffled knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Faunce's force full remained hidden, but the faither are

face still remained hidden, but the faithful servant knew by her quick and labored breathing that something unusual had occurred.
"Oh, madam, what is it?" she exclaimed, com-

ing forward quickly. "Are you ill?"
"Only the old complaint—heart-ache."
"You are trembling."

It does not matter "I am sure you do wrong to remain in this gloomy old place," said Joan, earnestly. "It has a depressing effect. Do come away, dear child. Let us leave the country."

"Let me alone. I prefer to remain at Lorn."

"But you are growing more gloomy and de-pondent every day we linger here. Do come

"Be still," Mrs. Faunce responded, in a tone of command. "I have a mission to fulfill. I cannot go until it is accomplished. There is too much at stake."

With a laugh that fairly curdled the listener's blood, Mrs. Faunce caught up the long black mantle that was lying on one of the couches, and wrapping it round her, glided to the French casement opening upon the lawn, and proceeded to unfasten it with unsteady fingers.

"Oh, my poor child!" cried Joan, springing forward, and clinging to her sleeve. "Surely you will not leave the house in your present mood?"

"Let me go—let me go, I say!"

"But it is late—it will soon be dark. And look at the sky. In half an hour's time, the rain will be pouring in torrents."

She pointed to the darkened heavens, along

which a few fleecy clouds were scurrying underneath the gray, unbroken canopy that covered up, like a pall, the pale stars that should have blossomed out of the twilight. Afar off could be heard the faint, low roar of old cean, moaning like a stricken soul in pain.
Mrs. Faunce pushed off the hands that sought

"I am stiffing here," she gasped. "The house seems to be haunted to-night—haunted by me-mories of the past. I shall lose my reason un-

As she spoke, the strange woman stepped out at the window, and as if some restless der n her feet, hurried over the weed-grown terrace, and down the neglected path beyond, never once pausing or looking back until she had reached and climbed one of the highest cliffs

overlooking the bay.

It was quite dark by this time, but as Mrs.
Faunce bared her hot temples to the cool breezes that sighed and wailed around the place, became aware that she was not lone. Close to the verge of the cliff stood the lender figure of a woman with a white hawl drawn closely about her head. Th glimmer of this wrapping through the dusk was what had first attracted the attention of Mrs. Faunce. Quickly replacing her vail, she stood motionless, staring at the unexpected

Only for a moment. Suddenly an odd sound. half-sob, half-scream, fell from the woman's lips, and she took a single step forward, crying with uplifted hands:

The next instant she would have thrown herself into the treacherous gloom that had crept up the precipitous side of the cliff, like a bodily resence, had not Mrs. Faunce clutched des perately hold of her skirts, and drawn her

What would you do?" Ethelind—for it was she—raised her head, and looked fiercely, with glittering eyes, at the person who had saved her from self-destruc-Release me!" she cried, wildly.

ou all would have been over—I should have Ay, such rest as awaits the suicide. "It is easier to bear the torments of the lamned in the next world than in this."

Because there you will be driven to madness y neither the pity nor the contempt of so-call-

od friends."

Mrs. Faunce drew back, looking at the grir who could give utterance to such wicked sentiments, with a new interest. It almost seemed as if a bond of fellow-feeling had sprung ap between them, all at once.

"Of course you think me very desperate, very wicked," Ethelind went on, in a rapid tone; "and you are right. This is the second time I ave been saved from the sin of taking my own ife. And yet I do not wish to live. Ah, you life. And yet I do not wish to live. Ah, you may despise me, but you can never know through

vhat sloughs of despond I have been called to "What is your name?" Mrs. Faunce gently asked, after a short silence "Ethelind Erle."

Was it imagination, or did Mrs. Faunce actuwas it imagination, or did Mrs. Faunce actually start backward a step or two, and clench her teeth, at the mention of that name?

"I have heard of you." Her voice certainly had an odd, constrained sound. "You live at Glenoaks, and are Colonel Falkner's ward?"

"Yes. And you?"
"I am the Mrs. Faunce who has recently purseveral corners, reached at length a door that stood slightly ajar.

In this room—a sort of boudoir—Mrs. Faunce usually sat. She was within at that very mount of penetrate the thick folds of the muffling vail.

"I ought to thank you, Mrs. Faunce, for your efforts to save me—but how can I, when I do not even feel grateful? It is so hard to live—it would have been so easy to die! I had quite persuaded myself that I was justified in putting an end to my troubles

Mrs. Faunce laughed derisively.

"Troubles?" she echoed.

"You do not know
the meaning of the word. Poor, foolish child!
Wait until your heart has been scathed and
blistered by such anguish and shame as would have killed any other woman outright deed, you will have some excuse for talking of self-destruction."

self-destruction."
Turning as she spoke, without even a word of adieu, the strange woman began to descend the cliff with a slow and measured tread. When the darkness had swallowed up the deeper gloom of her retreating figure, Ethelind threw herself on a bowlder, and tossed back the shawl from her hot brow. But her face was now turned resolutely away from the black abyss of gloom that had tempted her.

solutely away from the black abyss of gloom that had tempted her.

The moments sped on, the darkness deepened, and presently a few scattering drops of rain began to fall. The wind crept up from the broad bosom of the bay, damp and chill, and the rain fell faster and faster, but the miserable girl still crouched there, with uncovered head, motionless as a statue.

tionless as a statue.
(To be continued.)

"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM."

BY THOMAS ED. V. JENKINS

Beautiful Star, on the first Christmas morn, Thou didst herald glad tidings from Heaven above; O'er the poor humble spot where the Savior was

Thy sacred light shone as a token of love

And long ere the dawn of that dear Christmas day, Thy glittering form had been se n from afar, Thou didst tell the wise men where the child Jesus Bright Star of Bethlehem, Beautiful Star.

Far, far in the East, thy great mission was read,
And dear were the tidings of joy thou didst bring,
By thy heavenly light the Magi were led
To the humble abode of their Savior and King.
The child Jesus lay, poorly clad in a manger,
But Mary the Virgin and Joseph were nigh,
To guard the sweet Babe, and shield from all

danger The son of our Heavenly Father on high. When in radiant luster thy glory had shone,
The shepherds knelt low in submission and fear;
In the arcued vault of Heaven thou shinest alone,
And each heart echoes gladly, the Savier is near.
Hark! list to the words of that Heavenly Voice,
Oh, Beautiful Star, thy great coming fulfill,
The world is redeemed, let mankind rejoice,
Peace! peace be on earth to men of good will.

Ring, joyful bells, ring loud in your mirth,
Let your musical chimes resound near and far,
Let your echoes be heard all over the earth,
Ring welcome, once more, to the Beautiful Star;
Let each heart be a manger, where Jesus may rest,
For peace and salvation to all will be given;
Let us kneel at His shrine, and there with the blest
Give glory to God for this best gift of Heaven.

A Heart History;

BLIND BARBARA'S SECRET.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE, AUTHOR OF "THE MISSING BRIDEGROOM," THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES," "WHO WAS GUILTY!" "ELSIE'S PRISONER," "WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?" "THE DIVORCED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV. A NEW NAME AND PATH.
WHEN Irva awoke the next morning, it was nearly noon.

As she looked about on her new surroundings,

it was some time before she could think where she was, or what had bappened.

She stared so wildly into the face of Hannah, as she addressed her by her new name, that had it not been for the smile that followed, the good woman would have feared that her brain was affected

Irva's limbs felt sore and stiff and her head

dizzy; so she was only too glad to drink the nice basin of broth that was held to her lips, and laying her head back upon the pillow, close her Hannah's kind, motherly heart had been won

by the first glimpse she had obtained of the girlish face, lying there so white that it almost seemed like death. She was that real blessing to infirm humanity. a natural-born nurse. Smoothing the rumpled counterpane, she moved softly about the room, reducing to order every disorderly element in it; her very presence diffusing a soothing influence around. And before Irva knew it, she was

again in the land of dreams.

This time she did not awake until it was grow-This time she did look.

The thought uppermost in her mind was that she was very hungry. This was almost immediately followed by the appearance of Hannah bearing a tray, whose covered dishes gave forth a very grateful odor.

"Hungry, are ye?" she said, with a beaming smile. "I'm always glad to hear that of them I have the care of: for it shows they're gettin'

I have the care of; for it shows they're gettin' better. I've brung ye a bit of broiled chicken, better. I've brung ye a bit of broiled chicken, a roast potato an' some toast, an' I don't want ye to leave one mite on't."

Lighting the gas, Hannah placed the tray on the sma, o ind table by the bed; and then seating herself at a short distance viewed Irva's evident appreciation of her culinary skill with a

smile of self-complacency and approval.
"You've done very well," she said, as she surveyed the nearly-empty plates, and speaking very much in the tone one would use to a child. "Now what shall I tell Mr. Richard? He's down-stairs, an' asked me to tell you that he

hoped you was gittin' better."
"Say that I am quite comfortable, and very, very grateful to him!"
Hannah was a little puzzled at the warmth of Hannah was a little puzzled at the warmth of the concluding sentence.

"He hain't done nothin' more'n what 'twas his duty to do," she said, as she turned to the door; "but I'll tell him, all the same."

Hannah gave Richard a minute and very characteristic account of her patient, to which

he listened very attentively.

"I'm glad you feel so kindly toward her; she is an orphan, with no home or friends."

"There couldn't nobody help bein' kind to her, I should say!" was the almost-indignant response. "Why, she's the gratefulest little body I ever did see, an' so afraid of makin' the least-est bit of trouble. To think of her sendin' any

such word to ye. As if you'd have left her to perish by the roadside!"

When Hannah knocked at Irva's door, the next morning, she found her up and dressed, to her manifest satisfaction. "I'm right glad to see you lookin' so much better, though you don't look any too well now.

I had my breakfast more'n an hour ago, an' you an have yours here, or down-stairs."

Irva preferred the latter; following her hostess down into a cheerful little room, half dining-room and half sitting-room.

A canary was singing in a cage in the window, and a sleek black cat purring on the sill beneath.

"Here you see my whole family," said Hannah; "Master Dick and Master Jack."

As Irva stood listening to Jacky's song, and stroking the velvety back of his four-footed friend, her thoughts reverted to Barby, and her

constant companions, Tip and Johnny.

What would she not give to know how it was with that old and faithful friend?

As Hannah began to lay the cloth for her breakfast, Irva noticed the small size of the table and its appointments, which could not have seated comfortably more than four.

"I thought you kept boarders?"

'No, only lodgers. I like them a deal better.

-E--- WAR MANUS VAN BUNGALA-E---

They all have business outside; going away in the mornin' an' not comin' back till night. No, I told Mr. Richard I'd take you, the short time you was goin' to stay in the city, but I wouldn't make a practice on't fur no money. Not that I'd mind it so much if they was all as nice an' quiet as you be. But the majority on 'em ain't, not by no manner of means. I had enough of that sort of thing when my poor dead-and-gone husband was 'live. When a body has got to my age, and worked hard all their life, they want a little rest an' quiet."

Hannah paused a moment, but only to take

"I wish you were!"

The honest fellow's face flushed at the strong protest his heart uttered against this wish.

"As children say, 'let us make believe' that it is so. And in that relation, permit me to remark, as it was the intention of Miss Lane, that was, to do some shopping in the city, perhaps Miss Lane, that is, would like to do some, also. In that case, I hope she will allow me to be her banker; with the proviso, however, that she repay me when her first quarter is due."

Irva felt the thoughtfulness and delicacy of these words.

Hannah paused a moment, but only to take breath.

"Your breakfast will be ready in five minutes. I didn't make the coffee, because I wanted it to be fresh. Here's the morning's paper, with all about that dreadful accident in it. Curious enough, they've got your name in the list of the killed. I told Mr. Richard that he orter have it corrected but he said as how 'twan't no mankilled. I'told Mr. Richard that he orter have it corrected, but he said as how 'twan't no manner of use; them pesky newspaper men was so pig-headed an' contra'y that they never would own they was mistaken 'bout anything. Very unaccommodating of 'em, to say the least."

Irva shivered as her eye fell upon the name of the ill-fated lady, into whose place she had so mysteriously stepped. What a terrible fate for one so young! Yet it was a question if she were not the most fortunate of the two.

Her grave look was not unnoticed by Han-

Her grave look was not unnoticed by Han-

nah. "You've had a very fortunate escape, Miss Lane."
"I have, indeed!" echoed Irva, who had more

cause for gratitude than Hannah supposed.
While she was breakfasting, Hannah was summoned up-stairs by the ringing of the door-bell; returning in a few minutes.

As soon as Irva rose from the table, she said:

"Mr. Richard is up-stairs, in the parlor, wait-

Hannah noticed the agitation that Irva vainly strove to subdue, with some surprise, though ascribing it to the shock her nervous system had

received.

"He ain't in no hurry. I told him that you was at breakfast; an' he insisted that I shouldn't tell you till you had finished."

Had Irva been a royal princess, Richard could not have bowed over the hand she extended to him with an air of more respect. He saw the doubts and misgivings so plainly visible in her constrained manner and varying color, and hastened to reassure her.

hastened to reassure her. Leading her to the sofa, he wheeled an easy-chair in front of her, and sat down; a proceed-ing that served to still her fluttering nerves and

her more at ease than anything he could have said. Irva remembered what he said to her on the night of their first meeting: "You can trust me, I am an honorable man;" and as she looked

into those honest blue eyes, she felt that he spoke In order to invite her confidence, Richard told her all about himself. How he was an orphan, whose nearest relatives were two sisters, one a

alf-sister, several years older than himself. He told her about Hannah, who had lived with his mother until her marriage; relating various anecdotes illustrative of her kindness of heart and good common sense; displaying such a fund of kindly and honorable feeling himself, that before she was aware of it, Irva was talking to him as freely as if she had known him all her

Richard suddenly checked the tide of his reminiscences.
"Now, let me hear a little about you. To com-

mence at the beginning, how are you feeling?"
Irva's cheeks flushed.
"Very much as if I were a ship, sailing under false cold

Ah! well: we'll fix that all right." Then catching the questioning look in the shy eyes that were lifted to his, he added, with a

laugh:
"Miss Irva—you told me that was your name, I think—you look at me as if I was an ogre. Now, in spite of my six feet of stature, and ferocious appearance, generally, I do assure you that I am a most harmless fellow."

"I don't think you the least bit of an ogre," smiled Irva. "On the contrary, I find it impossible to express my appreciation of your generous and noble conduct."

Richard's face lighted up at this praise, which

Richard's face lighted up at this praise, which sounded very sweet to him.

"Show it by trusting me a little."

Richard looked at the face, whose varying color showed the conflict that was going on.

"Don't think that I want to pry into anything that you wish to conceal. Only if there is anything that you would like to tell me, I pledge myself to recard it as a most sacred confidence."

"What nonsense! Hannah. To hear you and my sisters talk, one would suppose I belonged to the blood-royal, instead of being an American-part of the pounts of the bounts of the bounts of the pounts of t myself to regard it as a most sacred confidence giving you all the counsel and assistance in my

It was some moments before Irva spoke, and when she did, it was slowly and with hesitation.
"I have little to tell, and that little is not pleasant to speak of, or remember. I am a worse than orphan; my mother died when I was a baby—my father I never saw. I was called by the name of the woman who brought me up, but to which I have no just claim. I dare not bear that name any longer, because I have an enemy, a bad and cruel man, from whom I wish to escape. Pray do not think me ungrateful,

but I cannot, dare not tell you more!"
"You need not; I will not ask you another question. I said what I did, hoping that I might be able to serve you.

The only way by which you can do that is to obtain me some kind of employment."
Richard glanced from the small hands to the face, which, with all its delicacy of outline, had

certain air of steadiness and resolution.
"Have you ever taught any?"
"No; but I think I could, if the pupils were not too far advanced. Richard was silent, and Irva continued

"If you knew of any place, I should be so glad. I would be content with very small salary."
"A stranger would find it next to an impossi-

bility, without credentials. va's countenance fell.
The place with my si my sister, that Miss Lane.

poor thing, was to fill, is now vacant, and would just suit you." Would she take me without references?" Richard knew what a careful mother his sister

"Could she have an opportunity of knowing you, she would trust you I am sure. Supposing you go and make a trial of it. My sister has seen Miss Lane, and knows nothing of her

Without letting her know who I am!-would

'I don't think it would be wrong-under the circumstances. I don't mean, of course, to continue the supposition, but only for a few weeks, until you have had time to win her confidence, as you will be sure to do. You can then tell her how it is. Or, if you would rather not do so, I will look around, in the meantime, and find you come other covering. There is no possible some other opening. There is no possible chance for detection, as the lady whose name and place you take had no relatives except a younger brother, who was adopted by a man out West. As for wronging my sister in any way, I secure for her children a good governes, and that is all she requires. You will not find your duties hard or irksome. My sister is a thorough lady, in every sense of the word, and will do everything to make her home pleasant to you. There are only three children, the oldest not ten yet, very quiet and well-be-

"I have no doubt of its being a desirable place, and no fears that my duties will be too

"Then leave the rest to me," interrupted Richard, gayly. "My shoulders are broad enough to take all the responsibility. If anybody is blamed, I wight parts."

that it falls on the right party.

"Now, my dear Miss Lane—that is your name now, you know—I want you to consider me the big brother you had forgotten you had, and who would only be too happy to be of service to

The tears sprung to Irva's eyes.

3

"Now remember. In the meantime, I will write to my sister; mentioning the accident, and the delay it has occasioned, and making everything clear and straight for you."

The resource to which Irva alluded was the chain, from which was suspended the locket containing her mother's picture.

On returning to her room she examined it. It was heavy and of solid gold, and must have cost considerable in the day of it.

The jeweler to whom she applied offered her twenty-five dollars, less than half its worth; but it was more than Irva expected, and it was very gladly accepted.

gladly accepted.

On her return she found a trunk in her room, on which were the initials of her new name.

In the bonnet-box was a brown straw hat, trimmed with velvet of the same color, and a long, drooping feather; much handsomer than she would have thought of buying.

In another part of it were gloves, handkerchief and various other articles of feminine appared.

arel.

Irva knew, in a moment, who they were from, but when Richard came in the evening, and she taxed him with it, half-reproachfully, he made strange of the whole affair, declaring it to be a

CHAPTER XVI.

mystery too deep for him to fathom.

with you."
Richard often took tea at Hannah's during this interval, and was invariably there every eve-

He always had some ostensible errand.
"I only ran in for a minute," he would say, aughingly.
But Hannah noticed that his minutes were re-

markably long ones, stretching themselves into an hour, at the shortest. She was very shrewd and sharp-sighted, and began to feel a little uneasy at two young people, each so formed as to please and attract the ther, yet so different in position, being thrown

other, yet so different in position, being thrown so much together.

She always used a great deal of freedom in speaking to Richard, treating him very much as she did when he was boy, and which, as it amused him, he had encouraged.

One night she followed him out onto the steps.

steps.

"You were always fond of me, Mr. Richard," she said, dryly; "but there never was a time before that you couldn't exist without seeing me twice in twenty-four hours!"

Richard colored.

"What fooligh notion have you got into your

Richard colored.

"What foolish notion have you got into your head, now?" he laughed.

"Mind that you don't get foolish notions into somebody else's head."

"What do you mean?"

Hannah looked up into the big blue eyes, which had the same honest look that they had when he was a boy.

when he was a boy.

when he was a boy.

"I know that you wouldn't do nothin' wrong,
Mr. Richard, not if you knowed it; but young
men is so thoughtless. Miss Lane is a nice little
body; I never took so to any one before on such
short acquaintance. An' she's pretty, there
ain't no denyin' that. An' I'm glad to see you
kind to her. You orter be kind to all sech; helpin' them all you can, in their own life an' way.
But you an' she can't never he more to each oth-But you an' she can't never be more to each other than you be now. An' 'tain't no real kind-

my sisters talk, one would suppose I belonged to the blood-royal, instead of being an Americanborn citizen, penniless, but for the bounty of my uncle, who may leave his property to some one else, as he has a perfect right to do. Miss Lane is my equal, in every respect, and the man will be fortunate that wins her. Not that I suppose that she has for me any other than the kindly feeling she would naturally entertain for one who has honestly tried to serve her.

one who has honestly tried to serve her.

"You mustn't think that every one sees me through your partial eyes," he added, his manner regaining its usual air of careless good-nature. 'I really am not so dangerous a fellow

s you imagine. Good-night." Irva, who was standing near the open window of the room above, could not help hearing much She smiled, as she thought of the little likeli-

hood there was of her forgetting their relative "I shall not forget, either," she thought, "how much I owe to him. How kindly and generously he spoke of me, my brave defender! Happy the woman that wins such a true and loyal heart. It certainly will not be a friendless, nameless girl like me."

There was a certain something in Irva's manner, gentle as it was, that deterred Hannah from giving her any intimation of her fears. But in their frequent talks, in the long afternoons when Irva brought her sewing down into the sitting-room, she contrived to drop various hints which she thought would serve to put her on her guard

on her guard. on her guard.

She was very fond of the Harrington family, with whom she had spent her younger days. It was easy to perceive that Richard had always been her favorite, and many were the anecdotes and incidents that she had related to Irva constraints him all of them of a patture to increase. erning him, all of them of a nature to increase er admiration of his character. Hannah was not slow to notice the uncon-

hannan was not slow to hooke the directors scious interest Irva took in all that related to him, and she now changed her tactics.

"Mr. Richard was educated by a rich and childless uncle, who sets all the world by him," she said, the next afternoon, as they sat sewing together.

"So do his sisters—I think I never the sheet t

together. "So do his sisters—I think I never see sisters more attached to a brother than they They all count on his making a high mar

ing, as she said this, but whose deepening color

alone showed that she heard it.

"Miss Ida Weston is goin' to be the fortunate lady, by all that I can hear," pursued Hannah, tearing off another breadth of the dress she was making. "She isn't rich, but she's of a high family. Mr. Richard's uncle and Judge Weston graduated at the same college, and were always great friends. Miss Weston is very han'some an' stylish-lookin', as well as highly connected. She was on here, last winter, a-visitin' his sister, an' I mind that Mr. Richard was mighty attentive." attentive.

Irva made no reply, and Hannah did not pur Trya made no reply, and harman did not pursue the subject further.

The good woman's conscience pricked her a little; for she knew that Richard paid Miss Weston no more attention than one of his kindly nature would naturally pay to his sister's

I mean it for her good," she said to herself.

"I mean it for her good," she said to herself.
"If she has got any sech notion into her head, an' they should find it out where she's goin', 'twould be jest the wust thing that could happen to her; an' it's only a kindness to give her a leetle warnin'. I don't exactly like the way he looks at her, or the way she colors up when he speaks. But I don't believe there's any danger. I've watched 'em when they didn't think I was

noticin', an' I couldn't see nothin' more'n common. He treats her as if she was a queen, an' she ain't the least mite forrerd, I'll say that fur

Irva's simple preparations were soon made. She got herself a brown traveling-suit, just the shade of her hat, with gloves to match, in which she looked very nicely.

Richard glanced approvingly at her costume, as he entered the room where she sat waiting

There was not a bit of color about her except in her cheeks, and these were as bright as the bunch of roses he handed her.

"All ready, I see. Then we'll be off directly, as we have only just time to catch the boat."

There were actually tears in Hannah's eyes as

There were actually tears in Hannah's eyes as she followed them to the door.

"I declare, I shall be lonesome enough now!" she said, as Irva bid her good-by.

"I am really getting jealous of Miss Lane," laughed Richard; "you never put such a long face as that on whenever I went away!"

"Be sure you come an' see me whenever you come to the city!" called out Hannah, as they wout down the stens.

come to the city!" called out Hannah, as they went down the steps.

"Of course she'll come," said Richard, looking back; "I shall bring her myself."

"What a nice-lookin' couple they be!" thought Hannah, as she looked after them. "It almost seems as if they was made for each other. But, lawful sakes, his uncle would never consent in the world, an' as fur Miss Janey an' Miss Kate, they'd go distracted at the very thoughts on't."

In less than half an hour Richard and Irva were steaming up the Hudson.

In less than half an hour Richard and Irva were steaming up the Hudson.

It was a beautiful day, and they remained most of the time on deck. It was the first trip Irva had had up the river, and everything was new and delightful.

With Richard, it had lost the charm of novelty, but he took great pleasure in pointing out to Irva the beautiful residences and places of note by which they passed. Indeed, he felt that it was, by far, the pleasantest trip he had ever taken, ending all too soon.

taken, ending all too soon.
"We are nearly home now," he said, with a half-sigh; "it seems as if we had come in half WHAT HANNAH THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

IT was finally settled that Irva should wait a week longer than the time at first decided upon, so that Richard could accompany her.

"I want to see sister Kate and the babies," he said. "And then it will be better, taking everything into consideration, that I should go with you."

"We are nearly home now," he said, with a half-sigh; "it seems as if we had come in half the usual time.

"Yonder is Forest Hill," he added, pointing to a house perched upon a rocky eminence far above their heads. "We have to pass it to get to the landing."

It was likely to be her home for some months, and the was likely to be her home for some months, and the said, with a half-sigh; "it seems as if we had come in half the usual time.

"Yonder is Forest Hill," he added, pointing to a house perched upon a rocky eminence far above their heads. "We have to pass it to get to the landing."

It was likely to be her home for some months, at least, and Irva surveyed it with no little in-

It looked very solitary, with no habitation anywhere near it.

Perhaps this thought was visible in Irva's countenance, for Richard said:

"You cannot tell much about it from the

river. On the other side the ascent is so gradual as hardly to be noticed, and the country round-about very beautiful. My sister spends most of her time there, on account of the children. But coming from the city, I fear, at first, it will seem rather lonely to you."
"I do not like the city, and am very, very glad to leave it. As Richard looked at the speaker he remembered what she had told him.

Who could be an enemy of one so gentle and good?
They had now touched the dock. Beside a low, open carriage stood a colored boy, his glistening teeth very apparent in the smile that broadened his face.

"There is Jack waiting for us," said Richard.
"This way, Miss Lane." 'How do you do, Jack? All well at the house?"
"All very well, I thanks you, Mr. Richard,"
responded Jack, with a low bow.
Richard assisted Irva in, taking the reins into

ginning to be lost in a sea of conjectures as to how one, manifestly so unused to the world, should be thrust so entirely upon it. A sudden turn of the road brought the house into view, on the broad piazza of which a lady sat reading Two children were chasing each other over

the lawn. As soon as they saw Richard they set up a oud shout.
"There's uncle Dick, mamma!

The lady threw down her book and was down the carriage almost as soon as they. "Is this really you, Richard?"
"This is really me," responded Richard, returning the kiss that was given him. "I've no

come alone, you see. Miss Lane, this is my sister, Mrs. Vernon." There was an expression of surprise in the lady's eyes as she turned them upon Irva, who evidently did not look at all as she expected.

Mrs. Vernon was a small, fair, pleasant-looking lady, who looked young to be the mother of the children who were clinging to Richard's

e received Irva very kindly "I hope you have fully recovered from your injuries, Miss Lane. We were greatly shocked to see your name among the killed, and very much relieved when we got Richard's letter." Irva was too truthful and conscientious not to feel keenly her false position. The color came and went, and there was such a confused feeling

in her head that she dared not trust herself to reply, except by the simple expression of her Perceiving her embarrassment, Richard now interposed.
"Miss Lane is not very strong as yet, and I take the liberty of suggesting that she be shown

directly to her room. They had now reached the house, and touching the bell, Mrs. Vernon consigned Irva to the

care of the colored girl that answered it.

"How different she looks from what I thought she would from Rev. Dr. Quinlan's letter," said Mrs. Vernon, as she looked after her.
Richard, who had the youngest of the little Vernons clinging to his neck, suddenly put her

wn, and stood up. "What kind of a description did *he* give of her, pray?"
"I don't know that he gave any particular description, only I gathered from it that she was older, and not so—so pretty."
Richard's spirits suddenly rose.

Young and pretty, what a terrible misfor-You may laugh, Dick," said his sister, a lit tle gravely, "but it is a misfortune for a girl in Miss Lane's position to be so pretty."

"Position! I wonder if there is a word in the "but it is a misfortune for a girl in

English language that you and Janey have so often on your lips?" I wish you thought of it a little more," was the reproachful response.
"I wish I did," said Richard, dryly; "especially when I have so much to boast of. I think

our maternal grandfather was a shoemaker!"
This was a sore subject with Mrs. Vernon, as her brother well knew. "You will be always bringing that up, Dick; when you know as well as I do that grandpa

ever worked at his trade since we can remen "I beg your pardon, sis, but grandpa Baker made me my first pair of boots; and nice ones they were! I am really proud of the old man. And I know another thing; that father was never sorry he married the shoemaker's daughter. Now tell me honestly, Kate, would you exchange her for Language." change her for Janey's?"

Kate thought of what she had heard about her

Kate thought of what she had heard about father's first wife.

"Well, no. Still it would be very nice if our mamma had been as rich as Janey's."

"So she could have made her daughter as rich. But she wasn't. So, while Kate Harrington was married for love, Jane Harrington was married for her money. Poor Kate! fortunate Janey!"

Kate laughed. Kate laughed.

"You know I don't think any such thing, you provoking fellow! I wouldn't take Janey's husband for all her money. But for all that, money and position are good things to have, and you can't persuade me to the contrary.

"I don't wish to. I only want you to realize that there are some things worth more than either."

either."

Richard now commenced a series of gymnastics with little Ada, who was pulling impatiently at his hand, and which ended in his perching the delighted child on his shoulder.

"I saw Dr. Quinlan's name among the passengers on that fatal train. I suppose that there was no mistake about his death?"

"I think not. By the way, Kota Miss Lanc's

was no mistake about his death?"
"I think not. By the way, Kate, Miss Lane's nervous system has received quite a shock, and if I were you I wouldn't ask her anything about the accident. I don't suppose she knows any more about it than you have seen in the papers. She is an orphen, comping here among arting

She is an orphan; coming here among entire strangers, and I feel sure that my sister will do all she can to make her comfortable."

Kate had no small share of the fund of good feeling that made her brother so beloved by all who khew him; though it was considerably modified by her different training.

"Of course I will I have given her the cost

"Of course I will. I have given her the east room, opening out of the school-room, one of the pleasantest in the house. You haven't seen the school-room since it was altered. I've had the windows cut down to the floor that look out upon the garden, and you don't know what a difference it makes."

With one child on his shoulder, and the other two clinging to his coat, Richard followed his sister into the school-room, whose pleasant appointments and deep, low windows, fronting to the east, gave it a very cheerful and sunny as-

He listened absently to Kate's talk of all the trouble she had to get things to her liking. As his eyes rested upon the chair in front of the baize-covered desk, his thoughts reverted to its probable occupant, I do hope she will be contented and happy

Then aloud:
"It, really, is a great improvement, Kate.
don't see how it could be altered for the better. (To be continued—commenced in No. 403.)

A Fiery Ordeal.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

NECK and neck raced two horses. Their steaming nostrils were widely dilated, their neaving flanks dripping sweat, their strides short and inelastic, all betraying a long and

illing race.
Far behind, just visible through the gathering twilight, a dozen horsemen rode upon the trail, ever and anon giving vent to a short, angry yell, or else filling the air with the long, un-

rell, or else filling the air with the arthly war-whoop of the Cheyennes.
"Courage!" cried one of the fugitives to his companion. "The night will be dark. We are oming to a more broken country. It will not e difficult for us to elude those bloodhounds with the start we have now.

Richard assisted Irva in, taking the reins into his own hands.

"I'll drive, Jack; you can ride back on the express."

"All right. I've got to stop for the mail, anyhow. They told me to come for the young lady, but they didn't nobody say as how you was comin', Mr. Richard."

"There didn't any one know it. I thought I'd take them by surprise."

Richard had spoken truly; the scenery which lay on each side of the winding road that led to Forest Hill was very beautiful, and a calm, restful feeling came over Irva as she looked around.

"You like it?" said Richard, who had been quietly watching her.

"Yes. I have spent most of my time in the country; and it seems like getting home."

"I knew it," thought Richard, his mind beginning to be lost in a sea of conjectures as to how you mentifectly so myned to the ward. slopes for some time, Amos Cartwright aided his wearied companion to alight, and found her a sheltered position under the lee of a huge bowlder. He uttered a feeble jest at their poor accommodations, but few words were spoken.

At any moment the bloodthirsty savages might Amos stripped the saddles and bridles from the two horses, and then, aided by the sense of touch rather than sight, tethered them in a spot where the bare earth would not give loud echo

where the sare earth would not give foun echo to their trampling hoofs.

Returning with the saddle-blankets to where May Chaplin crouched, he knelt down and wrapped them around her feet and shoulders.

Already she was shivering in the biting northeast wind, and the frozen earth was an ungrate-

In low whispers he sought to cheer her downcast spirits, but dearly as she loved the sound of his voice, May, in dread lest the prowling human wolves should be nigh, begged his si-Together they crouched beneath the rock, and

comforted by the pressure of her lover's arms, May yielded to the drowsiness caused by fatigue and slept. And, despite his resolution to the contrary, an hour later Amos followed her expended. The two horses snorted and pawed the ground uneasily, but the lovers slept on, not even in their dreams imagining the fearful peril that

was closing in upon them. The heavens above assumed a lurid shade that momentarily in-creased in extent and brightness. There was a faint, dull roaring that gradually rose above the howling of the wind. And now the icy breath became tempered by a spicy, pungent warmth. Bright sparks flashed across the darkened hol-low, and one, as though guided by some friendbreath, settled down upon the upturned face

ly breath, settled down upon the upturned face of the sleeping man.

With a cry of wondering alarm he sprung erect. For one brief space, as the dread truth flashed upon his mind, he stood as though paralyzed. He knew that the thick-growing shrubbery around them would ignite with the readiness of tinder, and burn long and fiercely. The lighted heaves around and above told him. The lighted heavens around and above told him hat the hill's base was encircled by fire. Even f they could pass the barrier, would not the exulting savages be awaiting them?
"Is there no means of escape?" huskily
whispered May, as she clung closely to his

arm. "We must try and ride through the fire. It is the only chance. With a calmness born of desperation, Cartwright saddled and bridled the horses, binding the publed saddle-blankets firmly over their eyes. his accomplished, he lifted May into the sade, bidding her have courage and trust in Pro-

widence. With a firm hand he guided the animals down the hollow, heading for the open prairie. As far as he could judge, the fire was confined to the higher ground, and he hoped that it was possible for them to dash through the fiery barer without serious injury.
As they came to a short curve in the ravine,

an involuntary cry parted his lips. A flery arch spanned the ravine, roaring and crackling, while sparks and blazing boughs fell in an unwhile sparks and blazing boughs fell in an unceasing shower. It seemed like plunging into a doubly heated furnace, and yet he knew that the attempt must be made. To delay would be fatal. With every moment of delay, the danger and difficulty was increasing. Tearing off his coat, he wound it around May's head and shoulders, then, with a cry of encouragement, he urged the trembling, terrified animals on—on into the blazing archyay. fied animals on—on into the blazing archway.

A moment of horrible torture-of pain the most intense—and then they seemed to plunge into another world. A choking cry of joy, then Cartwright tore the blazing coat from around the form of his beloved, and smothered the flames that had seized upon her outer gar-

ments.

"Thank God! we are safe!" were the words that burst impulsively from his lips; but his joy was short-lived indeed.

The fire had spread to the plain, and driven by the flerce wind was licking up the dead grass with frightful rapidity. The gale came from the north-east, or directly across the high ground at their back. Just before them the grass was untouched, though the flames were upon both sides, eating rapidly ahead and drawupon both sides, eating rapidly ahead and drawing nearer together as they passed beyond the influence of the mountain. But a few hundred

yards more—scarcely one minute's time—and the two columns of fire would be united, shutting in the fugitives to certain destruction.

At a glance Cartwright realized their danger, and saw, too, the only chance that remained. Plunging his spurs repeatedly into his horse's flanks, and goading the other on with his knife, they dashed toward the swiftly-narrowing open-

ing, running a race for life or death with the devouring flames.

The race was won, but how narrowly! The flames closed behind them with a sullen roar, then flung ahead their gleaming lances as though or though from the sullenge of the su athering fresh strength from the ardent em Straight ahead the scorching animals raced.

Close behind rolled the flaming cloud. Every moment was one of torture to the fugitives. The atmosphere was hot and suffocating as that of an oven. Their hair was crisping, their clothes charring, their skin already raising in blisters.

The girl sunk forward in her saddle and would have fallen, only for the quick grasp of her lover's arm. He dared not overburden his laboring horse, and so held the girl in the saddle, leaving alors at her side.

keeping close at her side. Thus the race continued for what seemed an eternity, though the minutes that passed were few, indeed, when numbered according to cus-

Then—a hoarse cry burst from Cartwright. Before him lay the bed of a river. A dozen more strides, and then the maddened animals plunge down the steep bank, crashing through the thin coating of ice into the chilling waters.

waters.

The shock almost deprived Cartwright of his senses, but he managed to free both himself and May from the madly-struggling horses.

Now the fire reaches the bank. The hissing, crackling flames swoop down as though resolved not to be defrauded of their prey. Instinctively Amos dragged May further from the bank. He suddenly found himself beyond his depth. The swift current whirled him and her down the stream, despite his desperate struggles. His strength was failing. The icy waters seemed to congeal his blood and turn his muscles into icicles. Yet, though more than once his own head was forced beneath the surface, he held his loved one above the waves. Then, just as consciousone above the waves. Then, just as consciousness was failing, they were swept against a sand-bar in the middle of the stream.

Only his devoted love saved them both from perishing with cold that night. His frenzied exertions in restoring May to consciousness warmed his chilled blood, but his pains were well

There is little need in dwelling longer upon their sufferings. The worst was past.

Day dawned, and with it revived hope. Amos resolved to form a raft from the few pieces of driftwood that strewed the island, but fortu-nately this was rendered unnecessary by the appearance of a party of their friends. These had followed the trail until night. The fire had followed the trail until night. The fire drove them over the river, where they awaited the coming of day. It was on their way up to a ford that they stumbled across the lost ones. A raft was quickly constructed, and the friends were reunited.

May Chaplin passed through a short spell of illness, but that was the worst result of their ordeal of fire and water. In due time they reached their new home, and were married.

The Holidays.

AN ELEGANT CONVENIENCE. - HANDKERCHIEF-BOXES. -AN EVENING PLAY.

A VERY elegant addition to bedrooms and sitting-rooms is a standard scrap-bag, in which bits of bits of paper, cloth, and litter generally, may be collected. Any lady can easily make one of these ornamental pieces of furniture. Procursix fourteen-inch lengths of ratan and six five inch lengths. Fasten two pieces of ratan of the same size together with tacks, until all are in pairs. Four and a half inches from the top of each long ratan cut a notch. Get a round block of wood, such as ribbon is wound upon, not very thick, and bore three holes in it, near the center, in which glue the long ratan sticks. On the under side, not so near the center, bore three holes for the short ratans, which form the Color all with black varnish, and your frame is complete. Make a bag—sixteen inches long—of one or three straight pieces of scarlet silk, cashmere, or other nice goods; line it with twilled muslin, face deeply at the top with the same or a contrasting color, and two inches or so from the top stitch a casing for rib-bon drawing-strings which must appear on two opposite sides, and may have a handsome bead or button strung on both loops. Draw tightly ogether at the bottom and secure to the wooden block between the three sticks; where the silk measures up to the notched places, insert a tri-angle of wire, finish on the outside with a ruche of silk or ribbon, and attach to the ratans, around the notches, with cords and tassels or bows of ribbon with long ends. Tack a fall of fringe around the circular block and hide the nails with a cord or ruching. Made of gold and scarlet material, pale and navy blue, green and orange, maroon and pink, these little conveniences give a most tasteful look to a room.

An ornament that should appear in every lady's and gentleman's dressing-room is a hand-kerchief-box; and we give a description of one very pretty style, that many of our young lady readers will undoubtedly find "just the thing" to make for a philopæna, birthday, or holiday gift. Procure a paper box of any nice convenient size. Cover the bottom plainly with silk. Over a sheet of cotton, quilt silk or satin in fine checks or diamonds. Sprinkle the inside of the box thickly with sachet-powder. Cover the outer sides of the box, the inner bottom and sides, and both sides of the cover, neatly with the quilted silk, finishing all seams with silk cord. The cover is attached with two—or three—ribbon bows that form hinges; and a bow by which to lift the lid easily is added in ont. A fall of rich fringe about the outer les of the box renders it still more elegant. Sometimes the outside of the cover is stuffed for

In the game of acted verbs the players are divided into two parties and take their places opposite each other. One party then chooses two words—a noun, and a verb which rhymes with it—one of which, the noun, it communicates to the other party who is compelled to intimate solely by action what it believes the verb to be. For instance: one set of players decide upon the For instance: one set of players decide upon the words pie and sigh; they inform the others that the word chosen is pie. The actors imagine cry may be the verb and commence to cry. As they are wrong they are hissed by the other side. They then try lie, intimating their guess entirely by action. Again they are hissed; if they fail to guess, and give way to sighing, the third time, they are informed of the word and are commelled to retain their nosition as and are compelled to retain their position as actors until more successful, when the other side become actors. Only three chances are allowed. Of course consultation among the actors as to the verb most likely to be the one requiring acting is allowable



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Jos. E. Badger, Jr., whose thrilling, strong, and vividly-real tales of the Wild West, have given him celebrity in the Old World and the New. With Indian, Prairie, and Mountain Life, he literally is "at home"—knowing this life thoroughly from personal experience.

Charles Morris, the Favorite, whose "Bos Charles Morris, the Favorite, whose "Boss Boy," "Gamin Detective," "Nobody's Boy," etc, etc., are conceded to be the best stories of City Boy and Street Life ever published by any weekly. And a splendid corps, embracing Capt. Fred Whittaker, Col. Delle Sara, Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton, Lucille Hollis, Mattie Dyer Britts, T. C. Harbaugh, Edward L. Wheeler, Rett Winwood, Mary Grace Halpine, Capt. Chas. Howard, Hap Hazard, Henri Moutcalm, Eben E. Eexford, Roger Starbuck, and Col. Prentiss Ingraham, all of whom give the Saturday Journal their very best work in

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all in hand, and to rapidly succeed one another, are each brilliant and specially fine works by these master pens of American Fiction Literature.

Sunshine Papers. Baby Shows.

BABY shows are just the rage. County fairs have them, then New York has one, then Phila delphia must have one, and next Brooklyn fol lows suit, and so the fashion spreads, as all idiotic fashions do spread, like "wild-fire." And babies lean and babies fat, babies tall and babies short, babies ugly and babies handsome, babies good-natured and babies vicious, babies with teeth and babies without, babies who cry and babies who laugh, babies in single, double, treble and quadruple groups, and the handsom est mothers of all the maternal authors of these little beings are exhibited for the benefit of a curious and idle public, eagerly seeking after anything new, extravagant, bizarre, ugly or distortive; and for all this notoriety, the babies and mother who excel in their specialty take a prize! And this prize, offered to the think then as I do now.

handsomest mother," is, I am inclined to believe, a greater incentive for these feminines to exhibit the charms of their respective offspring to an admiring public, than any hope that their particular infant, or infants, will be preferred above others. A woman may, possibly, doubt that her child is the handsomest child that ever was born, but she never doubts concerning her own good looks. And when the "handsomest mother" receives her prize, every ther woman who presented herself as a candidate for it, will wonder how it was that she was not chosen.

But, it is not necessary to waste money upon baby shows, even though one has no scruples about countenancing their debasement of humanity to a level with dogs, cats, cattle, poultry and other lower orders of animals; one can see baby shows at all times, and in all

places, free of charge. Do you travel by rail or by steamer, by ferry boat or horse-car, you are sure to see a baby show on your journey; and are a thricehappy mortal if you see not a dozen. There will be several distributed around the car, or occupying the steamer berths next yours, who will smile, and frown, and suck their thumbs, and soil their bibs, and smear themselves and every one who comes near them with fruit, cakes, or candy, and crow, and wail, and chatter, and romp, until you will piously wish them all in the bottom of— Well, anywhere but near you! On the ferry-boat there is the obstreperous infant who insists on jumping, and climbing, and running, and banging, and screaming, and communicating family secrets or remarkable wishes to every individual whom he can martyrize into a listener; and upon the horse-cars are the nurses with babies, and the mothers with babies, and the fathers with babies, all of whom must have seats. (And did you ever notice how a woman will get into a car, and until she obtains the desired seat tenderly cling to a big child that can walk and stand quite unaided at any other time?) And the babies slide upon the car floor and trip up unfortunate women who are hurrying to get out before they are carried more than two blocks beyond where they want to go, or climb upon the cushions, jamming in a gentle man's hat or knocking off his eye-glasses, or sit crosswise on their parents' knees, wiping their muddy small feet upon the next passenger's silk dress, or cry, or try to swallow their mittens, or disgorge their dinner, or perpetrate some other equally amusing, interesting, imp-

elder companions. Do you call upon a friend, one cherub opens the door; another displays his heels through the balustrades; a third, whose lips and hands disseminate a suspicious odor of bread and butter, follows mamma into the parlor, and when told to kiss you seizes your new gown with those odorous (you spell it odious) hands, leaving thereon two greasy marks; and you are convoyed up-stairs, by the doting mother, to see the fourth, who is asleep, and must not be awakened, but is so superior to any other baby in existence that you cannot think of leaving the house without seeing it.

ish, or disgusting trick for the benefit of their

You go home wondering why people cannot bring up their children better, and find that your May has been eating cake in the parlors, leaving the crumbs all about on the satin furniture, and that Tom is paddling with his dress on in the bath-tub.

Talk of baby shows! Show me the happy mortal who has seen so few of them that he enjoys paying twenty-five cents to look upon several score of the little-abem! darlings, and I would consider it great bliss to introduce him for a week's stay, night and day, in a family blessed with several small children. Unless he was a saint, what wicked words he would want to use before he escaped their torments. Such impatience, restlessness, rudeness, noisiness, shouting, quarreling, crying, ever produced on any stage, not excepting the mischievousness, impishness, dirtiness! What road-agents' plays on the Black Hills stages, would be do with the lady in long clothes when for we take your money without persuasive reasked to hold it? Goodness only knows, for volvers. the fathers of such mysteries rarely ever acquire that art to any amount of facility! Probably he would gather it up by the skirts, and let it flop down just where it ought to be supported; and when it cried, instead of deftly rushing for warm water, and condensed milk, and an "Alexandria" bottle, he would throw it up to the ceiling, halloo at it, puff his cigarsmoke in its face, or do anything barbarous that would cause it to cry louder; and when such treatment precipitated the poor infant into an attack of nausea, would that man ever wear again the coat he wore then, or venture to meddle in future with babies? As for the next sized baby, old enough to toddle about the floor, and swallow pins, and tumble into water-jars, and pull over small tables, and the covers and other articles off of large ones, would the man want to attend baby shows, think you, after an experience with it?

Let those who wish go to baby shows; but economical people will be contented, we think, with the shows they can get nearer home. As for us, the only baby shows we indorse are ones where the babies are profoundly wrapped in slumber; notwithstanding the beauty Wide Awake," we immensely prefer "Fast

N. B.—I shall not be "in" to any of my married friends for a month or so after this article appears; and I shall give strict orders that the editor of the JOURNAL shall not send my address to any "inquiring friends." A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SOME "LAWLESS" MAXIMS.

Don't quarrel with your bread-and-butter but be thankful that you have it; if you cannot afford to have the butter be thankful for the bread. If you cannot obtain as much salary as you deem yourselves worth, take less, but don't make your work less worthy of praise on that account. A small salary that is certain is much better than the promise of one that is uncertain. When you gain a good situation strive to keep it, which you can do by faithfulness and integrity. Remember, if you are a good workman, you will make a good master. "He commands best who knows how to obey." Let petty annoyances slide; they're soon over, like a summer shower, and you'll feel all the better for letting them alone.

Every person has his temper, and some cannot keep it in subjection as well as others.

Don't be hasty in leaving a good place. Not far from where I am staying a young lad was employed at a good price, had good accommodations, enough to eat and wear, and the promise that—if he stayed with his employer until he was of age—he should receive a present of one hundred dollars. But the master was quick-tempered and said hasty words that meant but little and were soon done with; but the lad, taking them to heart, was hasty, too, and left his employer. Now he drifts from place to place. Ah, Willie, I fear you have made a mistake, and when you become of age, and think what a good start in life that hundred dollars would give you, you will Springfield Republican.

We must all have scoldings some time or filled-with their voices."-Providence Jourother, but we have to bear them, and I don't | nal. know but we are made better for bearing them cheerfully.

Have courage and be hopeful. If days are dark and "times hard," look forward to brighter and better ones; this will inspire you to push on; but, if you don't look forward, you not only clog your own way but stop the passage for others. A great many persons in reading of those who have amassed wealth by an honest and upright course, wish they had their fortunes, but how few think of their integrity!

Poverty doesn't shut so many doors to a person as is supposed. The expression—"poor, but honest" should be dropped. Just as though it was a singular thing for a *poor person to be honest! I know of several worthy people, who would sooner cut their right hand off than do a dishonest action, and they are poor. I had as lief trust to their word as I would to that of a millionaire, and I know I had as willingly place my funds in their keeping as I would in that of the safest bank in America.

If you are in the wrong, be generous enough to acknowledge it, and don't, on any account, strive to work your way out of it by prevarication, for that is mean and wicked, and adds more to the fault. A straightforward course is the safest and surest. No one will think less of you for being willing to acknowledge you are in error; but, if a person discovers you have talsified your way out of it, you will receive naught but contempt.

Treat all with whom you have dealings alike; account of their poverty.

Do not be too ambitious to make a great show in the world; time enough for that when you can afford it. Don't be too desirous to "This troupe had a very good house in some great institution. Engrave it first in the hearts of your neighbors by good deeds and manly actions.

Don't grow discouraged and despondent. Impediments beset many paths but they must be put aside and you must work bravely on. If our first, second or even third efforts prove failures, have confidence enough in yourself to hope that the fourth will be a success.

Do not waste too many words, or too much time, in telling what you intend to do, but go and do it at once, or others will be before you and make use of your ideas before you have the chance, and that is one good reason why it

is best to keep one's business to oneself.

Do not be afraid to advertise your business after you are started in trade. Let the people know what you have for sale and your customers will arrive. Pay no heed to those who tell you that advertising is humbug, for they

are often humbugs or stupids, themselves. Let your wife know the state of your pe cuniary affairs, and, take my word for it, she will be the first one to economize when she sees there is a necessity for her doing so.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers. My New Play.

My new play has had an extensive run. It entitled "The Last Rose of Summer; or, Cabbages for Four." With my troupe I have played it in every

State in the Union, and expect to produce it in the balance soon. Wherever we have played it they have manifested a desire—through constables, etc.—

for us to remain. It is one of the most thrilling plays that was

Everybody has attended this performance including the rest of the people, and most of the neighbors:

We are about to start out on our regular winter tour, and as we expect to walk into your town soon (whether we have to walk out or not) I beg to append a few notices of the play, clipped from papers throughout the country, which received no pay for the same
—we assure you. We hope you will read
them with tears in your spectacles, and money in your pockets.

"During the performance of this renowned play last night the whole audience sat in tiers one above another."—Detroit Free Press.

"This play was so affecting in some parts that the whole audience melted—away, and there was not one left."—Danbury News. "The audience was pretty full last night,

and the author of the play was repeatedly dared out, but his modesty prevented him from showing himself."—Burlington Hawkeye. "The play was frequently en-apple-cored last night."—Troy Times.

"This play was so exciting last night that it fired the audience, but they went out themselves without calling out the fire depart-

ment."-Albany Argus.

"Throngs of people could not get into the hall last night—because there was no money among them."—Buffalo Express. "The piece was excellently played before it was half out."-Brooklyn Times.

"This play is vastly more popular than baseball or seven-up."—Baltimore Gazette.
"They held the audience for two long hours

-by locking the doors."—Richmond Whig.
"This troupe played to the biggest (feeling) audience ever assembled in this town."-Al

"One of the most exciting scenes was the hanging of the hero, but the curtain dropped fifteen minutes too soon."—Philadelphia Ex-

"The audience stayed until it was out-we mean the audience."—Oil City Express.
"A great many evinced a desire to stay all night, but they were waked up and put out."-

Cincinnati Commercial. "This performance in the Opera House was received last night with a perfect few-roar.'-Covington Times.

"This play produced last night brought down the house—from up-stairs."—Louisville

"This play was acted last night at the Opera House. It was thought that somebody halloed 'fire,' but it was afterward ascertained to be a mistake."—Terre Haute Times. 'This play was as moving as the first of -Brooklyn Times.

'There was a terrible rush last night at the Music Hall—in getting out."—Troy Whig.
"People with complimentary tickets say this

is the best performance in the world."-Podunk Transcript.
"This is the sleekest company on the boards." Country Landlord.

night, but did not have a very large haul."-

"The performance last night was as good as could be, and none of our citizens were absent, who were present.—Hartford Courant.

'Our people were affected to tears-because they were there."—Bangor Post.

"The ticket-agent, who skipped, said it was one of the best paying institutions in the vorld."-- Washington Chronicle.

"This is one of the greatest plays that ever took place in this place."—Indianapolis Jour-"Everybody took it; it is better than Vinegar Bitters, Soothing Syrup, or Pills."—Chica-

"It was hinted that the feet of the actors were not real, but we are assured that they were."- York Citizen.

"No one, except those who had not new bonnets, regrets they were there."—Lexington Ga-

"It was one of the latest things out, last

night."—Memphis Whig.
"The exit of the actors elicited great applause."-New Orleans Times.

"The tender middle act of the play dissolved the audience, and they immediately ran downstairs."-Vicksburg Whig.

"The audience warmed up greatly as the play went on—as the janitor kept putting more wood in the stove."—St. Louis Democrat. "The audience last night was very compact;

there were twelve persons in twelve seats."-"The audience was very recherche last Sa-

lon't fawn upon the rich on account of their turday night—that is, they went to church the wealth, and don't speak sharply to the poor on next day, and gave nothing."-St. Joseph "The smaller the audience the better this

We had several good runs this season, in-

cluding some from landlords, sheriffs and hall-I think there is nothing on the stage so likely to take the people - in as this great play.

It will be in your town next Wednesday.

You can begin to look out for it. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Manager.

Topics of the Time.

—A parrot has just died in Clinton, Mass., known to be at least ninety years old. It had not talked much for twenty years.

-Twenty years ago it required over five tons of coal to make a ton of iron rails; now a ton of steel rails can be made from the ore with half that quantity of coal.

—They are cultivating the poppy in France very largely of late. Over fifty thousand acres are thus occupied, yielding last year 2,000,000 francs worth of opium.

—A self-opening envelope, with a thread in the edge of the upper flap, by pulling which the envelope is quickly and neatly opened, is the newest invention of stationery.

—A young lady at Rockport, Texas, looked in her bed as she was about to retire, and was horrified to see a large tarantula resting quietly in the place where she was about to stow herself for the night.

—The largest mass of gold yet discovered in Nevada was found near Osceola. It weighed twenty-four pounds and fifteen ounces, and, as it contained very little quartz, its coin value was not far from \$4,000.

-On the tax lists of London there are not as many male servants by 42,000 as there were two years ago. This, with other facts, shows a strong disposition to economize, the effect and evidence of hard times. Increase of tramps and crime will follow.

—The late Senator Morton is said to have read newspapers more than books. He often felt the want of a more general acquaintance with literature, but never pretended to knowledge he didn't possess, nor was unwilling to ask for inormation. His favorite poetry was "Paradise

—A library and reading-room for the use of the employees of the Western division of the Pennsylvania Railroad has just been established in Pittsburg. The railroad company furnish the rooms, fixtures, and books, and the em-ployees, by a small monthly payment, meet the current expenses.

—The war correspondent of the London News says that at the battle near Kazelevo, where the Russians were defeated, "a Russian officer, who was observed gallantly endeavoring to rally the men, was killed, and the body, when subsequently discovered, proved to be that of a woman. She was buried where she fell."

-An influential Southern paper observes that should manufactures increase as rapidly in the South during the next decade as they have during that which is just past, while her agricultural interests continue also to flourish, it will be a matter of entire indifference to her whether we have Protection or Free Trade.

—The State of Texas has just purchased 1,400 acres of land, with valuable buildings and improvements, near Hempstead, for the State University for Colored Youths. The price paid was \$12,000. The intention is to combine the State University with the Agricultural and Mechanical College, the same in effect to be a branch of the college at Bryan.

—Among several ancient coins found lately near Jerusalem were shekels and half-shekels of Judea, which are considered by many to be the most interesting of all ancient coins. They are of silver, and belong to the time of the Great High Priest Simon Maccabeus. On the obverse side that hear the great of the character. they have the cup of manna, and on the other the budding rod, with legends in Hebrew. The date is the Hebrew year 1, being the first of the pontificate of Prince Serrion, or 144 years before the birth of Christ. In spite of their great age, the coins are said to be in fine preservation, both sides heigh perfectly legible. sides being perfectly legible.

—The new lance recently adopted in the Austrian service, after a long series of experiments with the weapons of the Cossack and Prussian patterns, is nine feet one inch in length. The patterns, is line feet one find in length. The point is made of Bessemer steel, its length being slightly over seven inches, and the butt is shod with the same metal. Two long bands of iron attach the head to the staff, and a leather strap, for the arm of the man carrying it to pass through, is fixed to the latter at about four feet from its lower extremity. The total weight of the weapon is four pounds. Before the end of the year all the lancer regiments in the Austrian army are to be armed with the new

-A curious story is told of General Todleben. The transfer is told of General Toldeben, the famous Russian engineer. In the beginning of the Crimean War he distinguished himself so greatly by his skill in constructing field works that he was recommended to the czar for promotion to the rank of staff officer. When the motion to the rank of staff officer. When the honor was about to be conferred, it was found, to the general consternation, that he was a Jew. Such a thing as a Jew being a Russian staff officer never having been heard of, the czar was told it was impossible. "Very well," said the emperor, "let Todleben be baptized!" This was counting without the Israelitish engineer. When the proposition was made to him, he declined promotion on such a condition for it. "They played in a very good house last gight, but did not have a very large haul."—
pringfield Republican.

"The Opera House last night was entirely when the proposition was made to mim, he decided promotion on such a condition, for it would kill his old mother, then eighty years of age. After awhile, however, the mother died; Todleben was baptized a Greek Catholic, and was elevated to the imperial engineer staff.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Old Year and New;" "A Hero Tried and True;" "Lost Wings," etc.; "In the Nor' light;" "Spending Two Fortunes;" "The Wisdom of a Sigh:" "A Rush for Fame;" "How Dared He?" The Last of Love.'

"The Last of Love."

Declined: "Devil Dick;" "Beautiful Hudson;"
"Child's Prayer;" "A Happy Home;" "The Soldier's Bride;" "Was it a Tragedy?" "Spoken in Vain;" "A New Life;" "The Broken Path;" "Misery Happy;" "The Old Clock's Story."

May M. Sorry we cannot use poem. It is in exellent spirit, but much too long for what it has to narrate

J. H. K. Parrots are sold for from six to twenty dollars by bird dealers. Dealers in willow-work sell the article you mention. S. S. W. Have as much of the kind of matter you uggest as the paper requires. Do not care to make my further arrangements.

Young Gallant. Say, merely: "Dear Miss S.—Accept this little gift, with the compliments of the season," signing your name. The album is a nice thing for a gift. QUESTIONER. Try the experiment, and decide by test. As the strong overcomes the weak, we hould say the tobacco and nicotine would be too nuch for the cologne.

much for the cologne.

Frank B. We have no photograph of the gentleman named, ner do we know where they can be had, except by application to the original. Have not his address, at present.

MRS. A. C. W. Asks if we can suggest two nice, short names, that are considerably alike, for twin boys.—Elmer and Aylmer, Alan and Evan, Roy and Ray, Guy and Ruy, Herbert and Hubert, Sherry and Perry, Maland and Roland, Harry and Larry, Shirley and Stanley.

A BEADER. Nothing so good for graphyted and stanley.

A READER. Nothing so good for granulated eyelids as to touch, daily, with nitrate of silver, until granules disappear, being careful not to let the nitrate touch the eye. Citron and mercurial ointment, also, are both good. Don't strain the eyes by too much use in strong light, or by night-work.

WRONGED READER. The friend evidently was an enemy, and is a very good subject to avoid in future. The lady was weak, to have been so easily persuaded to accept his story. However, if she sincerely regrets her mistake, we see no good reason for your refusal to forgive and forget. She doubtless will profit by the experience. NEMO. No one can fathom a girl's caprices or moods. In this case there doubtless is some grave reason for the lady's change of mind. It will be unwise to press her for an explanation. Wait the cure or revelation a few weeks or months will surely bring. Offer her nothing but kindness, and do not press your attentions on her. If she has firmly determined not to be your wife, no persistence on your part will do any good. So wait and hope.

WELL-WINDER The civil laws of the several

your part will do any good. So wait and hope.

Well-Wisher. The civil laws of the several
States differ as to marriage prerequisites. Some of
the churches forbid first-cousins to marry, but the
Statutes do not. Even a closer consenguinity is no
bar in some States, and in Great Britain, where the
Baron Rothschild wed his niece. The "law of nature," without reference to relationship, forbids
that like should marry like. If you and the lady are
of wholly different temperaments, your union is fit
and proper, we should say.

Entry Lloyn. Silver is more than ever the race.

EDITH LLOYD. Silver is more than ever the rage regresonal ornaments. Exquisite ear-rings, pins, endants, and necklaces, come in the dainty frost-d-silver. The necklaces, loyely wreaths of flowers ed-silver. The necklaces, lovely wreaths of flowers in filagree work, are especially beautiful with black silk costumes. Silver rings, flat and square, are worn; and bangles are giving place to wide, thin bands of silver, plain or slightly chased. Silver jewelry is mostly used with dinner or evening dress, being too light and delicate for street wear.

being too light and delicate for street wear.

Mrs. G. L. A. Tinsel is a very fashionable trimming. Fringes of silk, more than half-mixed with gold threads, are much worn upon handsome cloth and raw silk polonaises. Galloons, too, in all the new colors, come mixed with gold or silver cords and threads. Gilt buttons are very stylish, or crochet buttons, with a design in gilt-thread upon their face. Tiny crochet buttons, in suit colors, worked with gilt, are used in quantities for trimming costumes. Of course good taste will limit somewhat the excessive use of tinsel.

Babe R. Too many rings on the fingers are yell.

the excessive use of tinsel.

BABE B. Too many rings on the fingers are vulgar. Wear them by turns, two or three at a time,—
Confidences between friends should draw them
closer together. It would be a pleasant proof of
your trust and regard to tell her your little secret,
—If your brother is incorrigible, we do not see what
more you can do. You have acted a full sister's
part.—As to your sister's jealousy, con't mind it.
If your parent favors you, there doubtless is good
reason for it. Envy or jealousy in families is a miserable thing, best treated by forbearance.

erable thing, best treated by forbearance.

EMMA DOANE. Children, to be fashionably clad, must wear a costume in every item, or in all the principal items, of one color—hat, cloak, dress, hose, sash, gloves, and hair-ribbon, all well matched. Dark-Irown, blue, green, and cardinal, or the sober shades, trimmed with the cardinal, are favorites for girls from five to twelve. Bright reds are worn by very little girls. But the favorite hue for young children, is the pale "baby" blue, so becoming to fresh, downy little faces. Outside garments of all colors are trimmed with rufiles of white lace or open embroidery, surmounted by white braid or dark bands, according to taste.

H. E. W. We already have answered in regard to

dark bands, according to taste.

H. E. W. We already have answered in regard to the "etiquette" of New Year's calls. It is enough to send in one card to the lady receiving. If others in the room, receiving with her, have card-receivers, it is proper to place your card in each. As to calling, it seems to us the mere order of the calls is wholly immaterial. Call just where it is most convenient. In the case named, would call on the first floor first, so as to avoid a possible inference that you have passed the lady without a call. The main thing to remember in New Year's calls is not to tarry too long. As ladies must be at liberty to bestow personal attention upon every new caller, when such comes in then it is time to leave. Be cheerful, polite, and gay, but never boisterous, if you would make a uniform good impression. Calls can be commenced at ten, A.M., and continued until nine (or, in cities, until ten), P.M. if the houses are "open."

MINNIE BRADY asks: "Can you tell me how to make 'Cream Meringues?' And do you think I could make them nice enough to use at a party?"—With a little care, you may make them superior to any that a confectioner would furnish you. Take a quart of rich, sweet cream, three-fourths of a cup of powdered-sugar, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Whip the cream to a stiff froth (a syllabub-churn will facilitate matters); add sugar and flavoring, and set in a cool place until you are ready to use it. Next whip the whites of four eggs, with a pound of powdered-sugar, to a very stiff froth, flavoring with vanilla. Line a baking-pan with stiff letter-paper, and drop the egg upon it, in little heaps half an inch apart. These heaps should resemble, in shape, a half-egg. Put into a very hot oven, leaving the door slightly ajar, and watch them until they become a light yellow-brown. Take them out and cool quickly. Slip a thin-bladed knife under each; scoop out the soft inside, and fill with your whipped cream.

Susie H. M. writes: "A young gentleman waited

Susie H. M. writes: "A young gentleman waited upon me for some time, and I admired and liked him yery much. But one evening I met him in a company, and he never spoke to me when he could help it, and treated me very coldly. Since then, he has merely bowed when we meet. I am sure some one has been making mischief between us, as two or three of the girls I know were jealous of us. But how can I find out? Do you think I might write to him for an explanation, or ask him for one? I often see him at church, Sunday school, and sociables."—We would not advise you to write to the gentleman, but when you meet him, you could pleasantly and frankly express your regret that he was no longer friendly toward you; and ask him if he will be so kind as to tell you if you have done, or said, any thing to offend him; or, at least, to explain to you the cause of his changed demeanor toward you. A gentleman could scarcely refuse to make the explanation, and you can easily find out whether he has been offended, or merely capricious.

Economical Lassie. It is an excellent sign for the future prosperity of our country, when our girls and women interest themselves to practice economy, even though not actually driven to it by the hard times. Most all wool cloaking-cloths dye nicely, and the lighter color they are, the better black will they take. Have the ribbed goods dyed black, and cut into a sacque, nearly tight-fitting, as long as the cloth will allow. Double and single-breasted sacques are equally fashionable. Cut high at the throat, and add a round turn-over colar; put pockets and cuffs upon the sacque, and if possible, cut so as to finish the skirts at the back with two lengthwi e lapels. Trim with handsome braid, or cordings and buttons of black velvet. If you have a large enough piece of the goods left, make a muff, lining it with black silk, and trimming with two bands of velvet, finished with a bow. Muffs are made quite soft, medium size, and with neither tassels, bows, nor fur tabs at the ends. A little black velvet bonnet is always stylish, becoming, and serviceable. ECONOMICAL LASSIE. It is an excellent sign for

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

Persons writing in regard to engagements on this paper, must inclose stamp for special reply. Other-wise we can only answer in this column.

A PARAGON.

Sonnet-Acrostic BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Fairly thy voice and presence wake in me A memory or a vision, of a girl Neat as a white-rose, pure as is the pearl, Not given to any sort of vanity, In books well versed, seeking in all to see Ever the beautiful—the true and good—

Blessed with high dreams, with heavenly life imbued Offering these boons to all, unconsciously, Sweetly and freely, as a flower-perfume Breathes upon all that love its tender bloom. Of these most noble gifts possessed, for thee Unto high Heaven! waft no prayer, that thou Realize all true blessings—Heaven, we know, Never performs its work imperfectly.

Minnie Hosmer's Christmas.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"NIECE MARIAN:—I am old, I am ugly, I am often cross, and I am not so rich as I might. Nevertheless, I am lonely—will you lend me one of your girls to keep me company Christmas? I will meet her at North Hampton depot, the day before Christmas.

"HANNAH MURRAY."

"Well!" Mrs. Hosmer folded up this laconic epistle, and looked anxiously at the two pretty girls who dropped their sewing to listen. "Somebody'll have to go, I suppose," she

added.

"It won't be me, then!" spoke up Bell, the elder of the two girls. "I'm not going to give up my Christmas in the city, with all the parties, operas, beaux, and high jinks generally, to poke over to that little muffy, stuffy hole of a North Hampton! So that settles it!"

"I don't want to go, either," said Minnie, the bright-eved younger.

"I don't want to go, either," said Minnie, the bright-eyed younger.

"But one of you must go! There are reasons why I especially wish to keep aunt Murray in a good humor. And she evidently wants one of you very much."

"Oh, there's no use talking! I'm going to the city," said Bell. "Doctor Conroy told me last night that he expected to spend part of Christmas week there too."

mas week there, too."

"Of course you'll go then!" said Minnie. And she repressed a little sigh, for she had sometimes wished that Doctor Conroy would like her as well as he seemed to like Bell.

"Of course I will, if I want to!" responded Miss Bell, not very graciously.
"Well, don't quarrel. Mamma, I foresee that if you wish one of us to go to North Hampton, I shall be the one."

"I do wish it very much, Minnie. But I'm sorry this invitation came just now, for I know you expected to enjoy your visit in the city as much as Rel!" much as Bell."
"Yes, mamma. But, after all, it don't mat-

And a thought crept through Minnie's heart that she would be glad to be where she could not see Doctor Conroy's attentions to Bell. She would not have taken him from her for the would not have taken him from her for the world, but what she quietly wished in her own little heart couldn't hurt anybody.

"I'll tell you what!" she said, suddenly brightening, "it won't take half so much to fix me up for North Hampton as it would for the city! And I see you look sober over the bills this winter, mamma."

"Yes, that is an item of importance," admitted Mrs. Hosmer, While selfish Bell cried out:

ted Mrs. Hosmer. While selfish Bell cried out:
"Indeed it won't, Min! And then I can have
ever so much more! Yes, you had better go,

Minnie!"
Minnie turned away, half-vexed by Bell's heartlessness, but Mrs. Hosmer said:
"For shame, Bell! What Minnie does not need we shall save. We have got to be very saving this winter to get through at all."
"Oh, bother! I'm going to marry a rich husband, and forget how to save! I despise the word!" said careless Bell, taking up the overskirt she was trimming, and resuming her work.
The day before Christmas both the girls, in pretty suits of seal brown, with cavalier hats, and neat sachels, were on the train—Bell to go to the city—Minnie to go on to North Hampton, to spend Christmas with aunt Hannah.
There were not many on board when they en-

There were not many on board when they entered the car, so each of the girls took a seat to herself, next the window, chatting across the

seat, in fine spirits.

The car filled rapidly, and when an old lady came in, about twenty miles from the city, the came in, about twenty miles from the city, the places were all full, except where they sat. The new passenger was a very old, wrinkled and decidedly ugly little body, dressed in shabby waterproof, and when she half-paused at Bell's seat Bell turned her head, and looked steadily out of the window, filling up the vacant place with her shawl and sachel, as selfish travelers confirmed.

The old lady then addressed Minnie in a sharp,

The old lady then addressed Minnie in a snarp, but not unpleasant voice:

"Is this seat engaged, my dear?"

"No, madam. You are welcome to it," answered Minnie. And the old lady was established beside her, and soon chatting sociably.

Bell threw in a remark now and then to Minnie, and two or three times made little grimaces of contempt at Minnie's rather shabby-looking companion which did not escape the notice of

contempt at Minnie's rather snabby-looking companion, which did not escape the notice of the sharp-eyed old lady.

When they drew near the city and the passengers began to gather up their belongings to leave the train, Bell said:

"Well, Min, are you bound to go on to North Hamoton?"

"Of course I am," said Minnie.
"Well, then, joy go with you! But I tell you,
Min, you are a regular goose to go down there
and mope with a muffy, huffy old woman, when
you might be having such a good time in the

"Maybe," returned Minnie, demurely, "but aunt Hannah does need company, I know, and perhaps I won't have such a bad time, after all."

"Do as you please!" returned Bell. And as they rose to go the sharp old lady made out to read Minnie's name on her sachel, and then she gave both the girls a look out of her little bright

"Let me help you. I am the younger," said Minnie, pleasantly, reaching out her hand as they went down the steps to the platform.
"Thank you, dear. I am not so young as I once was," returned the old lady, accepting the offered assistance, and descending in safety from

She kept close to the girls, while Bell, with one more attempt to persuade Minnie to stay with her, said good-by and went away.

And Minnie found her still at her side, when she turned to the other train which was to carry her further on her journey.

her further on her journey.

"Can I find your train for you, if you wish one?" Minnie kindly inquired.

"It is the same as yours, I think," answered the little old lady.

"You go on the Western

Branch?"

"Yes, ma'am. as far as North Hampton."

"Well, I go somewhat further on that road myself, and as you seem to be a kind young lady I shall be glad to travel in your company."

So Minnie helped the old lady into the new train, and they sat down together.

They rode very pleasantly for awhile, and were not far from the end of their route, when suddenly there was a jar, a shock, and the next instant, with a heavy crash, the train was lying upon its side over an embankment, and the great

instant, with a neavy crash, the train was lying upon its side over an embankment, and the great engine was a total wreck.

The car which held our travelers was not so badly injured as some of the others. Minnie found she could stand upright, and her first thought was of her old lady, who was prostrate expect the ruins of the seats.

thought was of her old lady, who was prostrate among the ruins of the seats.

"You and "Fill will be great, grow from some day. Then I suppose you will be marrying."

"Oh, I hope you are not hurt! I hope you are not hurt! Let me help you up," she said, bending over the old lady, and trying to raise her to her feet.

"Not hurt, I think, but stunned and shocked, my dear—young lady," replied the old lady, raising upon Minnie's arm.

"Can you walk, with my help?" asked Minnie."

"You and 'Fill will be great, grow from some day. Then I suppose you will be marrying and charmingness. For you are a charming little girl. Good-day, my dear," and he walked away with a smile on his face.

"And you are a disagreeable big man," said Susy, under her breath. "I dont like to be talked to that way. And I dont like you, at all."

"Perhaps it is because I cannot get any one to have me," she replied, with a slight constraint in her laugh. "I dont see that you can do betwill day. Then I suppose you will be marrying and charmingness. For you are a charming littel girl. Good-day, my dear," and he walked away with a smile on his face.

"And you are a disagreeable big man," said Susy, under her breath. "I dont like to be talked to that way. And I dont like you, at all."

There was great vigor in the way in which the child brought this out.

"The three men looked at each other for so the stupidity, or the stupidity, or the smarting it.

"And you are a disagreeable big man," said Susy, under her breath. "I dont like to be talked to that way. And I dont like you, at all."

There was great vigor in the way in which the child brought this out.

Tenderly supporting the feeble steps of her companion, Minnie walked and climbed over the wreck of seats and windows, until they got to the door of the car. And then what was her supprise when the first person she met was Doctor Conroy!

"Miss Hosmer, you!" he cried. "I did not know you were on the train!"
"And I did not know you were!" Minnie responded, blushing. I was going out a few miles to visit a pa-

"And I was going to North Hampton."
"Ah! we are only about ten miles from North Hampton. What a pity this smash-up hadn't waited a little longer! Shall I assist you and this lady to a place of more comfort?"
And then Doctor Conroy, being a true gentleman, took both Minnie and her old friend to a bank near by, where they sat down upon some lumber, to breathe and look about them.
The accident was not a serious one—only a few

lumber, to breathe and look about them.

The accident was not a serious one—only a few persons were injured, and they only slightly; but the train could not proceed, of course, and they would have to wait hours, in the cold.

"Pm afraid this will spoil a good many Christmas visits," said Dr. Conroy, as he came back to them after a short absence. "But perhaps I can help you, Miss Hosmer. I have procured a wagon at the little town here, and if you would rather go on than wait in the cold, I can take you over to North Hampton at once,"

"I thank you very, very much," answered Minnie, "but I cannot leave this old lady here alone. She has no one with her."

"My dear, you are very kind," said the little old lady, "but my own destination is North Hampton. Perhaps this gentleman may have room for both of us."

"Most certainly, madam," exclaimed the doctor. "I am glad to be of service."

He brought his light wagon up at once, and in a few moments, to her great surprise and some

He brought his light wagon up at once, and in a few moments, to her great surprise and somewhat to her amusement, she was quietly riding along with Doctor Conroy and a little old lady whom she had never seen before.

When they reached North Hampton the doctor first asked the old lady where he should take her, and, under her direction, drove to a handsome old house in fine grounds, and assisted her to alight.

to alight.

"I think you may help Miss Hosmer out also," said the old lady, quietly. "I am aunt Hannah Murray, my dear, and I think you have come to spend Christmas with me."

Minnie's surprise was unbounded, but she could only accept the truth, and so she was soon in aunt Hannah's warm, lighted parlor, with Doctor Conroy, too, for Mrs. Murray would not let him go until he had enjoyed her hospitality.

if thin go until he had enjoyed her hospitality.

"My dear," said aunt Hannah to Minnie the next morning, "did you know I held a mortgage on your mamma's house?"

"I didn't. I knew something concerning the property was worrying mamma lately, but I didn't know what it was," answered Minnie.

"Well, dear, it was this mortgage. There it is, all settled and done with. Send it to your mamma for a Christmas gift, and tell her it is given for the sake of her good daughter, who knew how to be kind to a shabby old woman. And, by the way, Minnie, I don't often appear as shabby as I was yesterday, but I went over to Centerville on business, and it turned so cold I was not well enough wrapped up, so I had to borrow the best I could till I got home. I knew you before we left your sister yesterday, but I thought I would not reveal myself. That paper is your mamma's present from you, Minnie. is your mamma's present from you, Minnie. And this is your own."

She put into Minnie's hand a handsome case,

containing an elegant little gold watch, and, as Minnie tried to express her thanks, she thought Christmas at North Hampton was not so bad af-

Christmas at North Hampon was accepter all.

It did not prove so, for Doctor Conroy, who heard of Bell's selfishness and Minnie's goodness from aunt Hannah, found his way there often.

And before Minnie went back he had convinced her that it was not Bell but her own dear little self whom he wanted for life.

THE SILENT WITNESSES.

BY M. J ADAMS.

It is the final sundering of all
The earthly ties that bind us heart to heart;
A secret light departed, that no art,
Or scienc', of this world can e'er recall:
The sunken, pallid cheek, the glazed eye,
The stiffened tongue, that told its love or hate;
The withered lips, that helped articulate;
The hand that pressed with warmest sympathy,
Laid on the pulseless heart, and heaveless breas t
The icy foot, that in life's paths did tread,
Where virtue guided, or a vice misled;
These silent symbols of eternal rest,
Baffling the puny efforts of mankind,
Are they not proofs of One Omniscient mind?

PHIL HARDY, The Boss Boy;

THE MYSTERY OF THE STRONGBOW.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE GAMIN DETECTIVE," "NO-BODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

WE must leave the boys awhile and return to our lady friends. Mrs. Hardy has been busy all morning in drying and smoothing the clothes of her guest. She has been quite successful in her

efforts, and Miss Homer has willingly doffed the old lady's voluminous gown, and is dressed somewhat more becomingly in her own attire.

Her dress is of a light summer silk, which shows scarcely a sign of its immersion in the war shows scarcely a sign of its immersion in the war always lived?"

"Indeed. I thought your fresh the country," he smilingly replied. "And in what part of New York has my young friend always lived?"

Above it her pale, gentle, clear-cut face blooms like a white lily, crowned above by a waving wealth of brown hair, and lit by the soft-Little Susy Lane is at her feet, looking up at her with undisguised admiration in her large

orbs.
"Do you know, Miss Alice," she says, confidingly, "that Phil is just the best boy out? If you knew all the good things and the smart you knew all the good things and the smart you knew all the good things."

she answered:
"You and Phil will be great, grown folks some day. Then I suppose you will be marry-

"I think we can get out, for we are on the highest side of the car. Cling to me, and let us back with the answer to my letter."
"Did you tell him it was in a hurry?"

"Then you wont see him before night. Phil

is never in a hurry."

"Is that the case, Mrs. Hardy?"

"Yes," replied the old lady, from the corner in which she was bustling. "Phil does try me dreadful, sometimes, for if he dont take a no-

tion to go fast a steam-engine wouldn't hurry him. Why dont you go out and take a walk, Miss Homer, and rest yourself?"

"I would not know where to go. I am an entire stranger in New York. I should be lost in ten steps."

entire stranger in New York. I should be lost in ten steps."

"Oh! I will go with you and show you!" cried Susy, enthusiastically. "I will take you a long walk.—To Broadway. Or we will take the cars and go to the Park."

"Wherever you will. I am in your hands," replied their guest, courteously.

"I think you will like the Park," said Mrs. Hardy, enthusiastically. "It is ever so pretty a place. And then it's got marble statues, and fountains, and the sweetest lake, and geese

a place. And then it's got marble statues, and fountains, and the sweetest lake, and geese swimming in it."

"Swans," corrected Susy. "The idea of calling them geese! Those beautiful white swans! You should only see them swim, Miss Alice. So stately and graceful.—But may be you have seen swans."

"Yes, and geese, too," their guest smilingly replied. "We will go to the Park at any rate. I am not yet tired of seeing beautiful things.—But I am half-afraid, Mrs. Hardy. My ene-

You have not so many of them?" asked Mrs. Hardy.
"Two or three only."

"Two or three only."
"Two or three in a million!" and Mrs. Hardy laughed at the idea. "Why it would be like hunting the needle in the haystack. You dont know what a monstrous place New York is.—And I suppose your foes have no time to spare from their rogueries for strolling in the Park."
"That may be so," admitted their guest, musingly.

singly.
"Oh, come!" cried Susy, dragging at her hand. "I will take the best of care of you. And if anybody says anything to you he had better look out for himself." And Susy was

comically savage in her manner.

"Very well, then, if I am to have such a doughty champion," asserted Miss Homer, laughing. "If you wear such a look as that you will certainly frighten the men into good You dont know how fierce I can be," ex-

plained Susy. "Come on. I just hope some-body will speak to us, so that I can show The two new friends were very merry as they rode together to the Park. Susy seemed to feel it a part of her duty to be as lively as possible to cheer up the unfortunate lady, and the latter forced herself to respond to the child's ef-

It was a pleasant afternoon, and the Park in the acme of its Junetide beauty. Streams of showy carriages filled all the drives; and throngs of gayly-dressed people lent a charm to the walks. Children rollicked and laughed. Susy felt like it, but imagined that her position called for a certain measure of demureness. So she walked as soberly as she could beside her older friend, only breaking out every five minutes or so in a gush of merriment, or an in-

cipient romp.

She was thoroughly acquainted with the lions of the Park, and showed them off with youthful enthusiasm—the statues, fountains, lake, swans

And Miss Homer was thoroughly appreciative

And Miss Homer was thoroughly appreciative of the beauties of this charming pleasure-ground of the people, and was little less enthusiastic than her chaperone in her admiration.

"And now, Susy," she said at length, "we have seen so many things that I think we have earned the right to be tired. Let us sit here awhile beside the Mall.—Did you not say this was the Mall?"

"Yes," replied Susy. "And that is Shakspeare over there. He must have been very good-looking, if he did wear such an odd dress.—Who was Shakspeare, Miss Alice? Some great general?"

great general?" great general?"

"A great poet, Susy, and that is better than being a great general. You may see by his face that he is a thinker, and not a fighter."

"I thought that," replied the child. "It is so full of thought. What did he write?"

"Plays, my dear. The most charming plays.

He lived several hundred years ago in England-It was a faint exclamation that escaped her lips, barely audible even to her companion. But the latter turned to find her very pale, and in the act of drawing her vail down over her

"Why, Miss Alice," said Susy, anxiously, "what has happened? Are you sick? You look

so very pale."

"I scarcely know, child. A sudden attack.
Let us be going home." She essayed to rise, but hastily reseated her-

Her eyes had been turned to the opposite side of the Mall. Susy quickly looked over in that direction, and saw a gentleman who had turned and was walking across toward them.

He was a tall, well-built man, elegantly attired, with a face which many would have call-

ed handsome, his eyes keen and cold.
"You will not object to my taking this seat,
miss?" he asked, addressing Susy. "I am rath-

miss?" he asked, addressing Susy. "1 am rather tired."

"Why certainly not," replied Susy, moving so that he might have the end of the bench which they occupied.

"Do not let me disturb you."

"You do not disturb me at all," she rejoined, looking at him with her clear, open eyes.

"Do you live in New York?" he asked, addressing the child, but fixing his keen glance on the vailed face beyond her.

"Why, of course, I have always lived in New

Why, of course, I have always lived in New

Susy was on the point of innocently naming the directions of her residence, when she felt the hand that lay by her side clutched in a convulsive

clasp.

She was quick-witted enough to take it as a warning, and equally quick enough to feel that it was not advisable to show distrust of her

'I have not always lived in the same place," e replied. "We have moved about a great

deal."

"Oh!" he said, with a look of amusement.

"Then your present residence— But I forgot, you have not said where it is."

"And I do not intend to," replied Susy, with immense dignity of manner. "I do not see why a fine gentleman like you wants to know where a poor little thing like me lives."

Her questioner laughed loudly, and yet it struck the observant child that there was not much merriment in the laugh. He rose and looked down upon her with a comical expression, his sharp eyes glancing at the thinly valled face that was turned away from him. Susy felt a strong tremor in the hand that still held hers. wou knew all the good things and the smart things he has done."

"I can well believe him a marvel of intelligence," Miss Homer replied. "And I think he likes my young friend very much."

"Me!" cried Susy, opening her eyes very wide.

"Likes me! Why, I like Phil, too. Phil's my sweetheart, you know. And I am his. And we just love one another."

"Oh! It has gone so far as that, then?" said Miss Homer, smiling. "And I suppose you are going to be married very soon."

"Get married?" repeated Susy, in a tone of alarm. "Why, I never thought of that. Aint we too young to get married?"

"Well, rather," was the dry answer.

"The idea of anything so ridiculous!" And Susy burst into a merry laugh. "I do believe you are just making fun of me. I know it is only great, grown folks, like you, that get married."

A slight blush came on Miss Homer's face as she answered:

"Oh!" he said, with a look of amusement.

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"Then your present residence— But I forgot, you have not said where it is."

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"I suppose it is an idle man's curiosity, my child," he presently remarked. "And as for your being a poor little thing, you do not seem to know your wealth."

"My wealth!" cried Susy, opening her eyes very wide indeed.

"Me!" cried Susy, opening her eyes lancing at the thinly vailed face that was turned away from him. Susy felt a strong tremor in the hand that still held hers.

"I suppose it is an idle man's curiosity, my child," he presently remarked. "And as for your being a poor little thing like me lives."

"Me!" or

very wide indeed.

"Yes, wealth in good looks, and innocence, and charmingness. For you are a charming little girl. Good-day, my dear," and he walked away with a smile on his face.

"Is he gone, Susy?" spoke a whispering voice beside her—a voice that shook with emotion.
"Yes," said Susy, after a pause. "He is some distance off.—Now he is going down the steps to the fountain—to the lake, I mean."
"Then we must go! Instantly! He must not see my face for the world!"
"Then we must go! Instantly! He must not see my face for the world!"
"You needn't then," explained Captain Monroe. "He is under our thumbs at this minute.

is not following us."

"I am never mistaken in a face," was the excited rejoinder. "He will follow! He will not let me escape! Let us hasten, child!"

People turned to look with surprise at the pale face and rapid movements of the woman, who almost dragged her young companion. She was a swift walker, and it taxed Susy to keep pace with her.

Leaving the Park, they took a car for the city, and then first drew a free breath.

"I am sure I have escaped him now," she said, with a strong, nervous trembling. "I cannot see him.—Oh! how I fear that dastardly face!"

She became silent, falling into a moodiness of manner which the child did not venture to break, though her eyes were fixed with questioning pity on the still, pale face of the frightened

They left the car at the City Hall, and hastened forward on foot. They did not observe a carriage which slackened its speed and moved slowly behind them. As they turned into a less frequented street the carriage stopped and a carriage slighted.

rentleman alighted. He moved cautiously on behind them.
They were approaching their home when usy, with a sudden impulse, looked sharply

At a glance she recognized her questioner of the Park.

Miss Homer felt the quick movement of her hand, and looked inquiringly down.

"I wanted you to come in here with me," said Susy, prudently, drawing her into a small grocer's which they were just opposite.

The child led her friend hastily to the rear end of the store.

of the store. or the store.

"If any one asks if you know us, Mrs. Jones," she said to a large woman standing there, "dont let on. There's a villain following us."

"Come out this way," cried Mrs. Jones, pushing them through a rear door into an alley that led to another street. "I will give the gentleman who is following you my opinion. You can depend on that."

will never pass

wans of the their flight.

CHAPTER XII.

A TRUSSED RAT.

IN the cabin of the Strongbow her two chief officers sat in earnest consultation. There was no sign of Phil Hardy. They had put him somewhere out of sight and hearing, and had been considering, with much dread, the possible exposure of their schemes in case the boy should escape them. There seemed to them but one safe course to take. They had already tried it with a woman.

To their hardened natures it was a small matter to dispose of this wharf rat of a boy. The point of the ventures of the venture of the v

ter to dispose of this wharf rat of a boy, when their own safety depended upon it. Several hours had now passed since the cap-ture of the venturesome boy. His companion, Dirty Dick, was nowhere to be seen. To all appearance he had deserted him.

federate, Mr. Cunningham His face was flushed and angry. He grasped his cane with a fierce clutch, and seated himself vigorously beside the table, looking them both sternly in the face.

"So; you have cooked a pretty kettle of fish," he said, with stinging sarcasm. "I thought if there was anybody I could trust it was the captain and maie of the Strongbow. But I'll be hanged if you haven't muddled matters worse than a couple of apprentices."

It was directed to "Mr. Harvey Russell, 879 Madison avenue."

Without a moment's hesitation he tore it open, and perused its contents.

"I am much obliged to our young postman for bringing the letter here, instead of taking it

than a couple of apprentices. The two men looked sheepishly at each other.
"But blast it!" cried the captain. "You sent the boy back for the check; so he must have shut your eyes up too."
"And I'll swear if I know how he got on our track and followed us in the boat!" exclaimed

the mate.

Mr. Cunningham looked from one to the other in undisguised astonishment.
"What under the sun are you talking about?"
he ejaculated. "I sent a boy back for the

check?"

"Yes. There is the card you gave him,"
and the captain pointed to the finely written
card which lay on the cable between them.

"Why, you idiot!" cried the enraged visitor,
"the little rascal said you had forgotten my
directions, and had sent him after me to get
them"

"Then I think you were the idiot," replied e choleric captain. "I know it wasn't I that "Then I think you were the latot," replied the choleric captain. "I know it wasn't I that gave him that piece of pasteboard,"
"And did you deliver him the check on such a cock-and-bull story?"

No. He brought a signal which I couldn't

"Not from me, I'll swear. What was it?"
"It was this, which he said you had given him for a pass-word: 'The Alice Homer has gone to the bottom.'" Cunningham sprung to his feet with a face inflamed with rage and alarm.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Where did

he learn that name? You have bungled this business sweetly." There was a dark scowl on his face as he looked at them. "And the boy followed you!" he cried suddenly to the mate. "That is another bit of revelation. So you let yourself be tracked, eh? And were followed by this sharp young hound in a boat?" "It looks devilishly like it," Mr. Hendricks

surlily responded.
"And if you two men are not lucky you will get your necks in the hangman's noose yet by your stupid blundering. Two old pirates like you, who think no more of a man's life than a at's, and yet could not make way with a trussed-up and insensible woman."

"The blazes we couldn't!" cried the mate.

"No. The woman escaped your bungling hands. She is alive and well this minute. And if she dont make New York a hot place for all of us soon it wont be your fault."

"She could not escape!" exclaimed Mr. Hendricks. "I saw her sink like a stone."

"And did not wait to see her rise again like a feather.—I tell you this: I saw Alice Homer, or her ghost maybe, not an hour ago, in the It cant be so! You were mistaken!" "There is no such good luck as that," replied Mr. Cunningham. "Why she knew me as quickly as I knew her. She tried to escape from

"Yes, wealth in good 100as, and mean of the streets, and then was thrown off the track of the streets, and then was thrown of the streets.

the fountain—to the lake, i.e.

"Then we must go! Instantly! He must be see my face for the world!"

There was intense eagerness and anxiety in her tone. She seized Susy's hand, and drew the child rapidly down the walk, stepping with a hasty, nervous tread.

"He looked close at me. Do you think he could have seen my face through the vail?" she asked, throwing it back to get a breath in her excited walk.

"Yes. Mr. Hendricks happened to come in and knew him. We nabbed him before he could get away with the check. He has the pleasure of occupying very safe quarters," and the speaker signed with his finger over his shoulder toward the door through which Phil had disappeared.

peared.
"You have him in there?"
"Yes. And he wont gnaw himself out in a

See if he is following us."

Susy took a long look behind, but failed to catch any sign of the person in question.

"I hope you are mistaken," she replied. "He is not following us."

"I are not worth pie-crust. A cold water bath for him is our only safety." And Mr. Cunning-limiting our only safety."

And Mr. Cunning-limiting our only safety." ham's handsome face grew wicked as he spoke.

"Do you think he had any confederates?"

"I think not," replied Mr. Hendricks. "All the indications I have seen point to a single per-

son."
"What were these indications?" In response the mate described the various ircumstances which he had noted implicating

"It is well if it all rests with him," said Mr. Cunningham. "A midnight trip in the boat which I see floating behind your vessel. A fall overboard. A closing of the waves over a rat's head. And a merry pull back.—That is the whole story."

whole story,"

He was as cool and quiet in his tone as if he had been giving orders for a dinner.

The captain and mate looked significantly at

"And what reward are we to have for this w job?" the former asked. "We will make

our bargains in advance now."

"Safety," exclaimed Mr. Cunningham, sternly. "That is reward enough for you. The difference between a dungeon and the deck of the Strongbow.—But let me have the check. A few dollars is a small matter. I will change it to will represent the stern of the strong the stern of the stern of

suit your ideas better."
"We have not got it yet," answered the captain, with a change of countenance.
"Where is it?"
"The boy has it."

Then search him instantly. That is another piece of stupidity. Bring him out here. I want to see him.—Stop!"

"Well?" asked the mate, pausing.
"Do you know that the door is unlocked, and the window is raised? Is this your idea of busi-With an angry look Cunningham strode across to the cabin window, which he pulled sharply down. Had he been a little less excited and more cautious, he would have looked out of it first, and would have caught a glimpse of a frowzy head just disappearing below the sill. But the spy, whoever he was, escaped discovery.

astute plotter recognized a dangerous foe in the helpless lad.
"Search him," he said, briefly.

The deliberations of the captain and the mate were interrupted by the sharp opening of the cabin door, and the sound of a quick step on the floor.

They looked hastily around, to see their contents of a boy's pockets, was a letter, inclosed in a plain envelope, and directed in a

small, elegant handwriting.

"Let me see it," said Cunningham.

"This is lucky," he exclaimed, after a quick look at the envelope.

It was directed to "Mr. Harvey Russell, 879

"I am much obliged to our young postman for bringing the letter here, instead of taking it to its destination," he mockingly remarked. "I know where our lady is now, and I think she has sold herself into my hands. It is the old

has sold herself into my hands. It is the old story of the fox and the goose over again.—Try the boy again. He must have the check."

"He has not," they said, after another search.

"But how could he have got rid of it?" asked Cunningham perplexedly, while Phil's eyes burned with triumph. "Take the bandage from his mouth," he sharply continued. "He shall tell us where it is, or it will be worse for him."

The enveloping cloth was removed, and Phil's

us where it is, or it will be worse for him."

The enveloping cloth was removed, and Phil's speech returned to him.

"Now, sirrah," said Mr. Cunningham, severely. "You must know that you are in our power, and that I would think no more of putting an end to you than I would of treading on a worm.—Where is that check?"

"It's where it will make you wink cross-eyed if you try any of your games on me," said Phil, boldly. "It's in the hands of a friend of mine, and he's bound to bring the perlice on this here ship if I dont turn up afore ten o'clock this

ship if I dont turn up afore ten o'clock this blessed night." blessed night."

"That's a lie, boy," exclaimed the captain.

"All right. You jist buy it fur a lie, if you're in the market. There'll be more truth then in your pocket than there often is on your tongue."

Mr. Cunningham looked keenly around.

"Where was the boy when you gave him this check?" he asked

check?" he asked.
"Sitting here. By the window."
"And the window open?" "I thought so. He has dropped it overboard. 'He put his hand on the sill when he got up,"

explained the captain.

"That is all right. It will be out at sea before night, instead of in the hands of the police.

—Gag him again." But Phil was not disposed to let this freedom

But Phil was not disposed to let this freedom of his tongue pass quite unimproved. He gave vent to one shrill yell for "Help!" that might have been heard the length of the deck, before the bandage could be replaced.
"Lucky that door was closed," said Cunningham, anxiously. "Back with him again. That is your last cry, my boy. At midnight tonight..."

"You will follow the Alice Homer to the bottom," said Hendricks, interrupting.
Phil looked defiance still, though quite unable to speak or move.

These unscrupulous men meant all they said.

They cared no more for the life of a street-vagabond than they would have valued that of a va-

Just at twelve that night, and in a thick darkness, the long, slender boat that rocked at the Strongbow's stern moved stealthily out into the stream, under the silent impulse of two rowers, and with a bound and speechless freight laid

"Take him by shoulders and heels Monroe.

His words were accompanied by the action There was a heavy splash, a comm and silence. Their freight had disap-

In an instant the boat had already drifted away from the dark spot where the helpless vic tim had sunk.

One impulse from the oars and it was lost in the darkness.
"Ashore! Quick as lightning!"spoke the cap

Asnore: Quick as igniting: speaked experiments and in low, excited tones.

In fifteen minutes more they had regained the stern of their ship, and the mate had ascended her side, rope in hand.

"What is that?" exclaimed the captain, with

a scared utterance, as he slightly stumbled.
"What?" quickly rejoined the mate.
"I stepped on something soft."

"I stepped on something soft."

"Oh! it's a roll of oakum, that was flung into the boat this morning. Mount up here, quick! We must get to bed."

They did not hear a muttered sound, that came from the bow of the boat, and that seemed to form itself into these words: "Blame your says ward feet! Is them your sea-logs?"

ed to form itself into these words: "Blame your awkward feet! Is them your sea-legs?"
Phil Hardy, their dwarfish foe, had gone to the bottom of the East river, and all his secrets with him. This was all they could think of, and their guilty souls were full of superstitious fear as they hastily retired to the cabin of the ship, not sure but that the spirit of the murdered boy might have preceded them.

CHAPTER XIII. TRAPPED.

THE letter of which Phil had proved such an inefficient postman, and which had fallen into the wrong hands, ran as follows:

"310 GLOBE STREET, NEW YORK.

"DEAR HARVEY:—You will be surprised to learn that I am in your city, now, instead of in my old home at Liverpool. How I came here is a long and not very agreeable tale, which I shall have to tell you in person. I have been through the most serious perils, but am safe here now, in the home of some worthy people.

"But I know they are too poor to be burdened with me, and I wish you to devise some means of taking me to my aunt's. You know who I mean, Mrs. Hannah Corson. She lives somewhere above Harlem, I believe.

"Let me hear from you without delay, as I am a little fearful about staying in this part of New York. Please excuse the shortness of this note. It is only a business paper, you see, and my messenger is waiting anxiously for it.

"Don't fall to answer at once, and don't forget that I am still, your true ALICE HOMER."

It may be seen that this letter gave Andrew Cunningham, into whose hands it had fallen, an opportunity to prosecute his schemes which he

opportunity to prosecute his schemes which he was not slow to perceive. Alice had put a weapon, which might prove fatal to her, into the hands of her worst enemy.

But all unconscious of this she waited, on the afternoon of her return from the Park, some-

afternoon of her return from the Park, somewhat impatiently for an answer.

Little dreamed any of them into what deadly perils Phil had fallen, and his grandmother was getting quite tried at his ridiculous delay.

"Phil is just at the age when boys get to be perfect nuisances," she said, in a vexed tone.

"That's just him. If I send him for a pound of sugar, half the time he will go to the West Indies for it. Or be long enough gone. I must sugar, nair the time he will go to the west indies for it. Or be long enough gone. I must really train that boy some."

She was quite oblivious of the fact that she had for years been training him into these carelace bob

"Oh! never mind, Mrs. Hardy," protested lice. "It is not really so particular." "If you had only told him you were in haste," ntinue! the old lady.

"It does not matter at all. It is only the curiosity of an idle woman that ails me. If I do not get an answer until to-morrow it will not I wish you would only put me to work matter.

"I would like to give you something to bring back the color to those white cheeks," said the compassionate old lady. "I do not like to see

you looking so."
"Dont mind that, Mrs. Hardy. That is only
my fright at the Park. I do not intend to continue looking white. Do let me pare those po-

tatoes for you "What? V "What? With those delicate hands? No, indeed. You shall do nothing of the sort."
"You do not know what these delicate hands are capable of. I shall scrub off that table, at

any rate."

There ensued an amusing battle for the posthe scrubbing-brush, which seized with a great show of vigor. The old lady conquered, and held it aloft in laughing tri-

Catch me letting you do any such thing,"

she cried.
"Then I only see one thing that remains to do," replied Alice.
"And what is that?" "For you to get a glass case, and seal me up in it, and stand me in this corner for a parlor

"And a beautiful ornament you would make, my sweet, pale child," said Mrs. Hardy, fondly stroking the face of her guest. "Why, you are

am afraid I am rather frightened yet

Poor little Susy; she must have thought I was wild.—Now you shall let me do something. That is the only way I can cure my hands of They were interrupted by the appearance of a young man at the open door, who inquired for

iss Homer.
"That is my name," said Alice.
"I was directed up here from below," he reied.
"I have a letter for you, miss."
"A letter for me!" she exclaimed, surprised. "Why, who— But Phil may have delivered mine," she continued to Mrs. Hardy. "He may not have waited for an answer."

She took the letter from the spruce-looking youth who held it, and glanced at the hand-

"That will do, sir. Is there an answer?"
"I think there is miss," he replied.
"Please wait a moment, then, and I will

She opened the envelope, and quickly read the letter, her eyes lighting up with satisfaction as she did so. He speaks of a carriage. Is it at hand?" she

Yes, miss. It is just round the corner, in

"He see that street."

"Be kind enough to wait outside for a minute. I have something to say privately to this lady," continued Alice, gently closing the door.

"I fear I must leave you, my kind-hearted friend," she said. Leave me!" faltered Mrs. Hardy.

"Yes. It was necessary I should not intrude too long upon you. I wrote to a gentleman friend requesting him to take me to the residence of the state of the residence of the state of the s dence of an aunt of mine, who lives just out of You have an answer from him?"

"No. He is from home. This is from his sister. She seems to have felt it necessary to open the letter and has sent a carriage for me."

Are you sure it is from his sister?"
Oh, yes! There can be no doubt of that." 'It struck me it might be another trick of vour enemies.—But then, nobody would get the letter from Phil but the right person. I know that. I suppose it was because the gentleman was not at home that he did not bring the answer being the did not bring the answer being the suppose it was because the gentleman was not at home that he did not bring the answer being the suppose of wer himself.—I do wish you had not been so quick, Miss Homer. I do so hate to lose you." "You must not think that I will forget you," replied Alice, gently. "You have been too kind for that. If I stay in New York you shall

Why, you are not going?" cried Susy, break-

ing in upon them.
"Yes, my dear. A friend of mine has sent his carriage for me."

"But I cant bear to have you go," exclaimed the child, bursting into tears. "I love you ""

"Love at first sight is not always durable," replied Miss Homer, smilingly.

"I dont care! I shall never quit loving you!" ried the sobbing child. "And I dont see why ou cant stav.

"There are reasons, my dear," replied Alice, taking the distressed child in her arms. "I cannot stay to be a burden to Mrs. Hardy; for one You are not a burden!" exclaimed Mrs

Hardy, energetically.
"I must try not to become one. I shall never forget my two dear friends. And I shall be

forget my two dear friends. And I shan be sure to see you often. But now I feel that it is necessary that I should go to my aunt's."

"Perhaps it is," responded Mrs. Hardy.
"And yet, somehow, I hate to see you going."
And the kindly old lady rubbed her eyes

iercely.

"And it may be one of your enemies, too,"

"And it may be one of your enemies, too," And it may be one of your enemies, too," declared Susy. "You were so afraid of them, and you might be going right into their hands." "Somebody may have robbed Phil of the letter," suggested Mrs. Hardy.
"Why, I thought you were so confident of

him just now."
"But he is only a boy," faltered the old

lady.
"I am satisfied that he has done his errand
"I am set a letter"
"reporty" renlied Alice. "I have here a letter properly," replied Alice. "I have here a letter from Miss Russell, which I have no doubt was

"Let me look at it," plead Susy.
The lady handed it with a smile to the inquisitive child, and turned to bid the old lady good-'Don't forget me!" cried Susy, springing with a bound into her new friend's arms, and warmly kissing and fondling her. "And you must be

sure to come and see us very soon."
"Certainly I will," replied Alice, deeply affected by the child's fondness for her. "Meanwhile keep this to remember me. She slipped a golden locket, with a curiously wisted chain, round the child's neck, and kissed

her again as she set her down. "Now, good-by, dear friends," said Alice, slipping quickly out of the door, as if fearing to vercome by their evident emotion

The letter lay on the floor where Susy had thoughtlessly let it fall. "I am ready now," announced Alice briefly, to the youth who was impatiently waiting. "Is the carriage far?

"Just around the next corner, miss," he replied, leading the way.

Had she been able to see his face she would certainly have detected something sinister in its expression, innocent of guile as she was.

There was a sneering grimace upon it which dicated a wicked satisfaction in his success. His hand was thrust deep into his pocket as if grasping some substantial reward for his ser-But all that was visible to her was the back o

a closely-cropped head, surmounted by a cap set jauntily over on one ear.

"This way, miss," he explained, as they reached the foot of the stairs. "Your street here was a little narrow, and the carriage stopped in the In a minute more they had reached the wider

street in question.

A stylish coach, drawn by two gray horses, stood waiting there, the driver upon the box. The latter person was not in livery, and was a roughly-dressed native of the Emerald Isle.

He seemed weary of the delay, and called quickly to the youth to open the carriage door,

'Do you know the directions?" she asked him, "Sartainly, ma'am. It's to Mrs. Corson's that was told to drive you. She lives out beyant Harlem. I know the place bravely." "Very well," she replied, reassured by his con-

fident tone. She stepped into the carriage, the door was closed, the youth mounted beside the driver, and in a minute more they were driving at a brisk pace out the New York streets.

pace out the New York streets.

"That's a gay equipage for a livery," said a boy, who had been looking on curiously.

"That's no livery," replied his companion.

"It's just that," rejoined the first speaker. "I don't know the driver, but I bet I could hunt up that gay young then saide of him."

that gay young chap aside of him."
"Twigged him afore, hey, Joe Dot?"
"Yes. And he aint none too good. Wonder where they're drivin' that pretty woman to."
"To the Park, like enough," said the other, turning away.

Meanwhile the carriage was moving rapidly

out Broadway, and thence out Fifth avenue, along the eastern boundary of the Park, and into

The drive was a long one, and they seemed to have traveled miles beyond the upper extremity of the Park, when at length they drew up at the gate of a pretentious mansion, that stood back rom the thinly built up road, surrounded by a

dense clump of trees.

The youth sprung to the ground and opened the gate, permitting the carriage to pass through. It drove slowly un a graveled carriage-way which wound through thick evergreens to the ront of the house, and drew up at the steps of a

ong portico.
"Mrs. Corson is not well, miss," said the youth. 'Step up this way. You will find her in the par or here at the side."

It was with the first feeling of misgiving which she had experienced during her ride that Alice followed the briskly-moving boy.

He entered the hall, and threw open the door of a side parlor. She stepped in and the portal was quickly closed behind her. Her eyes were lifted, expecting to see the vaguely-remember-ed form of her aunt. Instead her shrinking gaze fell on the cruelly triumphant face of her mortal foe, Andrew Cunningham.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 405.)

Margoun, the Strange:

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.. AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER," "\$50,000 REWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DAY BREAKING. Margoun sat alone in the study at the old Lodge! The room was in shadow, for the light in the lamp was turned low.

in the lamp was turned low.

The dreary night-winds of the sultry summer sighed sadly around the old house. They were in keeping with the melancholy thoughts that crowded upon one another in rapid succession through the Hindoo's mind. His reveries carried him back to other lands, far beyond the

It was past nine o'clock, and Thorle Manton had left for the Grange nearly an hour before So the East Indian was left alone to his musings But, suddenly, the door was opened and Aleck entered. He had been to the post-office at Shore-ville for the Lodge mail. He brought with him a single letter. It was in a large envelope, bearing what looked like an official seal.

Aleck laid it upon the table and withdrew.

Margoun drew the envelope toward him and raised the light. Then he glanced at the superscription. A thrill shot through him, and a violant chiven ran over his tall fragree.

cription. A thriff shot through him, and a vio-ent shiver ran over his tall frame.

The envelope bore, in the upper left corner, a crown; under it was this: "OFFICE OF THE BRIT-ISH CONSUL-GENERAL, NEW YORK."

The address was as follows: "TO PR. MARGOUN NENA-VASHTI, "Shoreville P.O., New York."

The East Indian tore open the envelope with greedy fingers. Two folded sheets dropped out. One was tied around with a blue ribbon; the other was loose. Taking up the latter, Margoun

"Office British Consul-General, "New York City, "June 16th, 18—

DEAR AND GRACIOUS PR.:-I beg leave to incl herein a document, received more than a month since, at the Consulate, for you. Only to day have I learned where it could reach you, and I forward at once. Asking that you will honor me by ac-knowledging receipt, I am, with consideration, etc., etc. The British Consul-General."

Margoun laid the sheet aside and picked up the other. With trembling fingers he untied the knotted ribbon. Spreading open the thick sheet. he glanced once at its contents. Then as a low,

he glanced once at its contents. Then as a low, glad cry escaped him, he cried:

"At last! at last! But—" his brow clouded, and his eyes dimmed as he continued: "How can I do it! How can I leave HIM!"

He thrust the papers into the bosom of his tunic, and flung himself into the chair again, a half-triumphant, half-regretful expression resting upon his dusky face.

At that instant he chanced to look toward the rear window. The sash was flung up to let the passing breezes blow in. Margoun started to his feet and thrust his hand in his bosom.

Standing on the outside, looking in, was a tall, white-faced man, with a pistol in his hand. He was on the point of leveling the weapon; but the Hindoo's sudden movement disconcerted him, for he immediately turned and fled.

nim, for he immediately turned and fled. Like lightning Margoun darted forward, prung through the open window, and disap-

Thorle Manton still lingered away; nor had Margoun returned. The servants had long since retired, and a brooding silence settled upon the

Midnight with its ghostly associations camand passed. Then one o'clock.

A sharp pistol-shot rung out in the darkness near the Lodge. Then all was silent. But a few minutes later, a wild, almost unearthly groan echoed on the air. Then the same dreary silence settled down again, only broken by the sighing of the night wind through the thick conse. of the night-wind through the thick copse

Early that same evening Mrs. Grayling sat si ent and morose in her gaudily-furnished bed com. A strange fire was burning in her pale lue eyes, and a frown brooded over her marble

Strange! Where can Florine be?" she ejacu ated, moving restlessly in her chair. "I have nunted her high and low, and have sent messen gers for her in every direction, but to no pur bose. Her things are here; but—" and her brow wrinkled the more, "I miss more than a thou and dollars from my trunk! Can I suspect Flo ne, or Abner Denby? However, that sum is a rifle. But where can she be?"

Little did the proud lady dream that that hight the stage-coach, on its way to Wyndham Station, had stopped at the Grange, that a woman carrying a small valise had entered it; and that now, as she mused in her chamber, Floring Flavelle was speeding away toward New York

Mrs. Grayling arose from her seat and strode p and down the room with restless, uneas

Florine has been behaving very strangely of ate!" she thought, the frown upon her fac-leepening. "More than once she has been open eepening. "More than once she has been open-v defiant, despite my independent position as egards money. Independent!" she echoed, in a tartled whisper. "Am I independent? Does not lorine Flavelle hold me in her power? Ay! can he not fling me into a convict's cell? Can she tot send me to the gib—"

A deathly pallor spread over her face, and she fell, rather than sunk, into a chair.

"I feel—yes, in the hight of my power—I feel that clouds are hovering about me, and that vials of wrath will soon be—"

Again she tottered to her feet and promenaded the room.
So absorbed was she that she heeded not the rattle of carriage-wheels in the lawn before the house, heeded not the loud, quick rap on the brass knocker of the door, nor the subdued

orass knocker of the door, for the subduct sound of voices in the hall, mingled with the confused tramping as of several men.

Mrs. Grayling's keen senses were all concen-trated in other directions—upon her own dark, distracted thoughts.

distracted thoughts.

Up and down her room she continued to stride. But at last she suddenly halted, and clutched at the nearest chair for support.

A low, faint rap, as though struck by a timorous hand, had fallen upon her chamber door.

"Come in," she quickly responded, glancing at the door, expecting to see Florine Flavelle enter. But she started back in surprise as she can all acts whom her white, eaved force. saw old Betsy show her white, scared face Well, old woman, what do you want?" she

demanded, sharply. "A gentleman, ma'am, as who—"
"Go on! What about the gentleman? Who is he, and what does he want? Out with it!" "A gentleman wishes to see you for a few moments, ma'am," stammered old Betsy.

"A gentleman! And wishes to see me at this time of night! Why, 'tis nine o'clock. Who is he?"
"Mr. Manton, ma'am—Mr. Thorle Manton." Mrs. Grayling could not repress the shudder that shook her slender frame so suddenly; could

not drive away the horrid telltale pallor in a breath of time, had blanched her face. "What does he want?" she gasped, in a voice that was almost sepulchral, her lips quivering with excitement.

"He wishes to see you a few minutes, ma'am," was the reply; and the old woman turned hastily away.
"Is any one with him?" asked Mrs. Grayling,

earnestly.

But old Betsy had already gone.

"What can this mean?" hissed the lady, her eyes glaring wildly. "Does he come to make a new contract about my secret? Bah! I will brave him to his teeth! I care no longer for the secret; I am rich; and it matters not whether I am known as Cynthia Summers, or as the young widow of Grayling Grange!"

And hastily arranging her hair, she left her chamber with a firm, haughty step. She strode directly toward the sitting-room. A moment paused by the door and listened.
All was as still as the grave within.
Yes! he is alone!" she thought, with a low,

derisive laugh, as she turned the knob and entered the room.

But a low cry of alarm broke from her lips, as she flung a single glance around her. The proud, defiant glance faded from her eyes, the mocking smile fled from her lips, and she recoiled in ghastly fright.

coiled in gnastly fright.

The room contained the following persons:
Thorle Manton, who was standing erect and
stern by the table; Dr. Goodspeed, who was stell by the table; Dr. Goodspeed, who was seated near by, his kindly face gloomed over with an expression of pain and sorrow; Abner Denby and Clara Dean, who sat close together, their faces filled with fear and wonder, while by the door, through which Mrs. Grayling had just

passed, stood two brawny men wi faces, and fixed, business-like aspect. For a moment, as his gaze fell upon the shrinking woman, Thorle Manton's face softened; but in an instant, as he saw her turn as if she would fly from the room, it grew hard and cold again.
"Lock and guard well that door, officers," he

"Lock and guard well that door, oncers, he said, quietly.
"Officers!" gasped the wretched woman, glaring around her.
"Be seated, madam, and calm yourself—if you can," said young Manton, in an icy tone.
"You are wanted here on serious business, on a matter of the stornest importance."

matter of the sternest importance. He thrust his hand in his bosom. "What would you, Thorle Manton?" hissed the lady. "How dare you—"
"I have in my possession a certain paper, which was recently secured. It was written by your late husband, Gilbert Grayling. It is his will, written since the date of the instrument by which was recently secured.

which you secured Gilbert Grayling's immense The poor woman struggled to her feet and ex-

claimed, as she again sunk into the chair:
"'Tis false! false as perdition! You are hounding me to the death, and—"

nity; "but in this matter my object is not to triumph over a weak, misguided and wicked woman, but to secure justice to others. Ho, there! Come in, Silas Warren!" he continued, in a loud voice.

Instantly the door at the further side of the room opened, and Silas Warren, the old body-servant of Gilbert Grayling, who had been miss-ing so long from the Grange, entered.

Every one, including Grace, who had come

nto the room but a moment before, was as-

What—does—this—mean?" came in anguished tones from the stricken woman.

"Now, Silas, tell your tale briefly," said
Thorle, not noticing Mrs. Grayling.

"Yes, sir," and the old man advanced.

"You see, I distrusted from the first glance I

ot of her, the new mistress of the Grang here; and on the very night of her arrival, ecretly followed her to her bedroom; and lis ening on the outside at her door, trange whisperings between her and her dark aced French maid."

He paused.

He paused.

Mrs. Grayling writhed in her chair.

Every one looked on in wonder.

"The import of those whisperings, Silas?" urged Thorle Manton.

"Deep, implacable hostility to my dear old master!" was the reply. "Menaces against his

What then?' "I hastened to this room, where I knew Mr. Grayling was. My object was to put him on his guard, to warn him against his new wife. But he would not listen to me; he struck me down bushed no from the heave and thereto." lown, hurled me from the house, and threater d my life should I ever come back again. But did come back, and six months ago, from my hiding-place which looks into this very room, saw my dear old master write the paper which you, Master Thorle, hold in your possession. also saw him rip open the inner lining of his vest, and place the paper therein. Moreover, I saw Mrs. Grayling that afternoon take a paper from

Again he paused. "What then, Silas?" "The day following my poor master's sudden death I stole into his room unobserved, and to my joy found the paper in his vest. I kept it all these months, until this night one week ago, when I gave it to you, Master Thorle."

"By what means did you accomplish all this, my dear man?" asked Thorle, a smile covering

his lip.
"Under a spectral disguise—a sheet—and from my knowledge of the secret passages in the old mansion," replied the old man. "I took advantage of an old tale."

"The Grandling started violently; so did Grace, Mrs. Grayling started violently; so did Grace

Mrs. Grayling started violently; so did Grace, Abner Denby and Clara.

"Now here is the paper," and Thorle Manton drew the document from his pocket, and glanced over its contents. "I see it is dated six months ago, and on the day when the horses ran away with the sleigh. You, Mrs. Grayling, may recall that day?"

He shot a significant glance at her.
The white-faced, trembling woman only shud-

The white-faced, trembling woman only shud-lered, and bent her head upon her wildly-puls-

"Now, Mr. Denby and Dr. Goodspeed, I will crouble you to look at this paper," continued Thorle.

Thorle.

The two gentlemen approached and examined the document closely. Abner Denby recoiled, and in an instant his cheeks were ashen.

"Whose writing is that, gentlemen?"

"Gilbert Grayling's," answered Dr. Goodspeed, promptly and emphatically.

"Mr. Grayling's," hesitatingly fell from Abner Denby's bloodless lips, as he retreated to his seat.

eat.
"Very good! Dr. Goodspeed, will you kindly

scan that paper and tell me what is the substance of its contents?" The old physician took the paper and read it through. Several times he started; and when at last he had finished it a smile spread over his

face—a kindly, satisfied smile. "I had the privilege of learning the contents of the previous will, under which Mr. Grayling's of the previous will, inder which Mr. Graying's property was distributed," he said. "This," and his voice trembled, "resembles it in some of its provisions, but differs in toto in others. Instead of giving his widow the bulk of his property he gives it to his daughter, Grace, while he stipulates that two thousand dollars per annum and the Grange massion during her natural life. and the Grange mansion during her natural life be granted Mrs. Grayling. "You, Mr. Manton, and," in a choking voice, "and myself, his old and tried friend, are left his executors, without

the exaction of securities. He gave the paper back to Thorle, who hid it in his bosom.

For a moment a deathlike silence pervaded the apartment. It was broken by the miserable wo-man, who cringed like a guilty thing in her

chair.

"Let me go! I am suffocating! Let me go!" she moaned, struggling to her feet.

"Hold! not yet! The sternest business, for you—Mrs. Grayling!—is yet to come," and young Manton waved her imperiously to her

CHAPTER XXXI. DAY AT LAST.

Mrs. Grayling almost fell from her chair. Her cheeks were livid, and every drop of blood seemed to have left her, usually, red, proud

"Your husband died suddenly, madam!" ejaculated Thorle, almost fiercely. "Do you know anything of the properties of the digitalis purpurea, or of the deadly properties of the poison of the Asiatic cobra?"

Had a shell exploded at her very feet Mrs. Grayling could not have evinced more horrified or.
Oh! God!" she cried, in agony, springing to
feet. "I am dying! I am dying! Let me

go! I—"
"Be seated, base woman! This terrible scene must be over; and I will tell the tale: You borrowed a medical work from Dr. Goodspeed here; from it you learned the characteristics of digitalic. On the night of the reception here, last talis. On the night of the reception here, last January, you stole into the conservatory and plucked a handful of leaves from a digitalis plucked a handful of leaves from a digitalis plant. With those leaves you made a powerful decoction, placed it in a pitcher, and cooled it with ice. After this, and after your poor husband was almost in the threes of death, Florine Flavelle, at your bidding, stole into the room, and, from a vial, let fall a drop of a virulent poison into the pitcher. Your husband again drank and died?—Hold, do not interrupt me, are fidingly woman!—The vial containing that perfidious woman!—The vial containing that poison your maid lost. It was found by old Silas Warren, who likewise secured a vialful of the contents of the pitcher. He gave both to me!"

The young man had spoken rapidly and fiercely; and as he ended, he drew two vials from his pocket. One was a small, gilded, cut-glass vessel, similar to Eastern attar-of-rose bottles.

A wild shrick broke from Mrs. Grayling's

But, as though petrified with fear, she sat I sent these vials to a distinguished chemist

in New York. He has analyzed the contents of both. The result I only received to-day. I'll read what he says."

Trembling with excitement, the young man laid the vials upon the table, and took from his pocket a letter. Opening it, he read:

"The larger vial, taken from the pitcher, is a pow "The larger vial, taken from the pitcher, is a powerful decoction of the Digitalis purvurea (Fosglove), showing a decided trace, too, of a virulent poison, known mainly in the Orient. It is a liquid taken from a sack at the base of the fangs of the Asiatic Cobra. The contents of the smaller (cut-glass) vial is the Cobra p ison in all its purity. There is enough, even now, remaining in the vial to kill ten strong men; while a half-ounce from the first-named, mingled, draught, would most assuredly cause death in ten minutes. Respectfully,

"John Spafford,
"Analytical Chemist, N. Y."

A shudder ran through the assembly; but in unding me to the death, and—"
"I have ample cause to hate you, madam," he ror, as with a wild, despairing shriek, Mrs. Gray-

cut in, sternly, though without losing his dignity; "but in this matter my object is not to triumph over a weak, misguided and wicked be prevented, placed it to her lips, and drained

She reeled back, staggered across the room, and fell to the floor. There was, for a single oment, a horrible quivering of the limbs; then all was still.

Dr. Goodspeed rushed to her side. One grasp of the pulseless hand, one glance at the still si-lent, siren-like face, and he muttered in a whis-

Go, my men!" said Thorle Manton, in a sepulchral tone to the officers; "you are not wanted. Great God!" he continued, as he turned away, "and has it all ended thus?"

There was a tear in his manly eyes, and a quivering about his lips, as he uttered the words. The hour of midnight had fallen over the leath-stricken mansion of Grayling Grange.

All was silent within. The body of the poor woman had been decently arranged in the room where she had fallen. Thorle Manton and Dr. Goodspeed had attended to that; and both had remained until nearly day-

Just after they had taken their departure, and Just after they had taken their departure, and the old mansion was silent again, two dim forms stole down the broad stairway into the dark, rayless hall. They paused and listened. No sound came to their ears.

"Come, Clara," whispered one of them; "this house is no place for us! We'll get her diamonds and money, and flee to New York, where we will live in plenty and in ease. Come, I know the way."

know the way Lead on, Abner," was the reply, in the same

cautious tone.

They stole cautiously down the gloomy pas-

They stole cautiously down the gloomy passageway toward the bedroom to which we have so frequently referred.

Half an hour later, a man and a woman crept from the great doors of the mansion and hurried away through the grove toward the distant road—Abner Denby and Clara Dean.

"Come, we must hurry!" said the fellow, striding on. "We'll push straight for the lake, find a best somewhere and we the Shererill. find a boat somewhere, and row to Shoreville. The water will be smooth to-night; and we will throw any one, who may follow us, off the

track."
They crossed the highway, and entered a nar-

They crossed the highway, and entered a narrow lane that ran by the Lodge estate, directly toward the neighboring lake.

On and on they pushed. At last they could hear the monotonous, melancholy washing of the waters; then they scrambled up the same rocky cliff upon which, one week before, Thorle Manton had told to Grace Grayling the terrible tale of the black quagmire—Dead-Man's Drift.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Denby, exultantly.

"At our feet is the white beach, and yonder is the lake. Take my arm and come. Take a the lake. Take my arm and come. Take a long leap!" he continued, with an exhilarating

They took the leap—their last! They struck full on the treacherous, shivering mire, which looked white under the sheeny moonlight; and in an instant, without word, or cry, or groan, they shot down out of sight to their everlasting doom—the quivering mud closed over them forever.

When Thorle Manton reached the Lodge that night he searched for his faithful friend high and low. But the Hindoo was not to be found. He certainly was not in the mansion.

Wearied and worn out, the young man flung himself on the bed and soon fell into a restless, uneasy slumber, in which frightful visions floatuneasy slumber, in which frightful visions floated before him.

At an early hour he awoke, and immediately repaired to the room which had been allotted to the East Indian. But Margoun was not there. The bed was untouched.

Wondering what all this could mean, Thorle dressed himself and strolled from the house to catch the cool breezes of the early morning.

But as the young man reached the gate that

But as the young man reached the gate that led into the copse, he reeled back, gasped, and trembled as though he had seen a spirit.

Just inside the gate, lying flat upon the back, vas the body of a dead man.
It was Moses Denby. Driven deep into his breast was Margoun's deadly kreese.

Several months passed, and the frosty nights and golden leaves of autumn were at hand.

Thorle Manton and Grace Grayling were now man and wife, and they lived in the grand old Grange mansion, where, once again, Silas War-

Grange mansion, where, once again, Silas Warren was installed as head-servant.

One evening Thorle and his young wife were seated in the old sitting-room. He had been talking a long time, and she had been listening with eager interest.

"Why, darling," she said, in wonder, "that sounds like romance!"

"Yet, my dear, that is the way in which, in one week, I got such fabulous wealth," he said, smiling. "And that was the way in which I saved Margoun's life. I fought the half-clad natives at fearful odds. But I was desperate then!" and he frowned.

"Now one thing more, darling Thorle," and

"Now one thing more, darling Thorle," and as a shadow passed over her face, Grace drew nearer to her husband. "Tell me the link be-

tween you and her who of late was the wife of my poor father."

"Listen," and his brow clouded. "That woman was once my wife for one hour, and—don't interrupt me—the subject is distasteful, and I would banish it forever. She was my wife for would banish it forever. She was my wife for one hour. But while I was awaiting her, to go one hour. But while I was awaiting her, to go to the depot, she eloped with a Prussian officer who was traveling in this country, and who was reputed to be rich. Be it said, that as soon as we were married, I had told her—what I had taken no pains to conceal from her—that I was pecuniarily embarrassed, but that my prospects were good. However, she eloped with this officer. He was afterward killed at the bloody fled of Gravelotte. As soon as I learned beyond a of Gravelotte. As soon as I learned beyond a doubt that she had deserted me, I readily secured a divorce without any publicity. But that woman died, thinking that, in the eyes of God and man, she was my wife! She is the same about whom I once chastised Abner Denby; and

here is her picture, which I have so long kept —but to be now destroyed. Look upon it, Grace; you will recognize it," and he drew from his bosom a miniature case and held it to "Cynthia Summers was her name," he con-tinued, as he saw Grace gaze in wonder at the

'Cynthia Summers!" echoed the young "Yes. Abner Denby once loved her. By the way, darling, I saw in the paper to-day, that there had been a fire in New York, and old Mrs.

Denby was—"

Before he could speak further, an old acquaintance, John, the driver, entered. He had just
returned from the village post-office. He handed a large, weighty envelope to Thorle, and The envelope bore several foreign stamps, and was directed to Thorle in a handwriting that he young man knew at a glance. Eagerly he clutched the envelope, tore it open,

and took out two sheets of paper.
"From him! from him! At last!" he Then smoothing out the first folded paper, he

"CALCUTTA, August 6th, 1873.

"Dear, Dear Sahib:—You do not know how it wrung my heart to go away without bidding you farewell; but I could not do that! It would have killed me! But I love you still, Sahib, and should we never meet again, I pray that the Christian's God will ever bless you and make you happy. Long before this, I think, you have found my kreese. If so, keep it as asouvenir of him who used it in your defense, of him who loved you so much, and who would have died for you. I inclose a paper, which I r ceived the night of my departure from the Lodge. Read it, and know why I left you. May the Christian's God always bless you!

"Faithful to the end,

"Margoun Nena-Vashti,

"Prince of Condurauga."

"Prince of Condurauga." "CALCUTTA, August 6th, 1873.

"Prince!" ejaculated Thorle in wonder and

amazement, picking up the other paper, and opening it, read it through. His fingers trembled and the sheet slid from them.

"Margoun was a native prince, my darling," he said, sinking into a chair. "He revolted against what he considered a usurpation of his rights. But in view of his high caste, and great influence, he has been unconditionally restored to his great estates! Wonder upon wonder!"

"Killed him twice, eh?" the Danite repeat they paused by the open door of the ranch; "within an hour's time, you shall be safe at home."

"Through a trick, I lured him from his house, and then the instant his head appeared without the door, I drove a bullet into his skull at a foot's distance."

"Repay me!" he replied, and his voice seemted to tremble as he spoke; "why, when you they can be a few short minutes before had beat with joy and hope, and then he turned and faced the plainsman, who still lingered upon the threshold.

"You seek something—what is it?"

"A tall, dark fellow who has twice attempt—when you have men and the plainsman is they paused by the open door of the ranch; "within an hour's time, you shall be safe at home."

"Oh, how can I ever repay you for this great kindness!" she exclaimed, in an outburst of gratitude.

"You seek something—what is it?"

"A tall, dark fellow who has twice attempt—when you have settled any ording the plainsman is they paused by the open door of the ranch; "within an hour's time, you shall be safe at home."

"Oh, how can I ever repay you for this great kindness!" she exclaimed, in an outburst of gratitude.

"You seek something—what is it?"

"A tall, dark fellow who has twice attempt—when you have men you h der upon wonder!"

Months upon months rolled by; the Centennial year of American Independence dawned upon

the world.

One day Thorle Manton and his young wife were strolling through the grand exhibition grounds. Behind them came a nurse, rolling in a baby-carriage a youngster, who was just old enough to look at you, and dimple his face with smiles when you called him Margoun.

As the happy husband and party were passing the house occupied in the "grounds" by the English Commission, Thorle started violently as he saw, coming from the building, a tall, dusky-faced man in rich oriental garb. At his heels

faced man in rich oriental garb. At his heels trod two attendants, attired almost as gorgeously as himself, who was evidently their "Oh, then he is dead?" Clark began to be-

The swarthy foreigner drew nearer. His eyes suddenly fell upon Manton. He sprung for-

"MARGOUN!" and the two strong men were

"MARGOUN!" and the two strong men were locked in a loving embrace.

And the youngster in the cradle looked up and laughed merrily as he heard his own name!

The two friends had met again.

But no word was spoken of the poor misguided one, over whose grave in the distant cemetery of Grayling Grange the summer grass had long been springing—no word was said of her, who in her brief young life had been: "The Loved of Many Men!"

THE END.

Ing in such frenzy that they seemed like pop out of his head.

Clark laughed grimly; neither man not could daunt his soul; the first he despise second he doubted. He had seen many a fellow go down in fierce and bloody fire, never to rise again in life, but never a them all had ever come back to revise glimpses of the moon, to his knowledge.

"After I had slain him," the Texan could caunt his soul; the first he despise second he doubted. He had seen many a fellow go down in fierce and bloody fire, never to rise again in life, but never a summer grass had long been springing—no word was said of her, who in her brief young life had been: "The Loved of Many Men!"

THE END.

CHRISTMAS SHADOWS.

The needles have dropped from her nerveless hands
As she watches the dying embers glow,
For out from the broad old chimney-place
Come ghostly shadows of "long ago!"
Shadows that carry her back again
To the time of her childhood's artless joy;
Shadows that show her a tiny row
Of stockings awaiting the Christmas toy.

Shadows that show her the faces loved Of many a half-forgotten friend;
And the Christmas Eve it is passing by, While Past and Present in shadows blend.
Alone in the dear old homestead now, With only the shadows of "Auld Lang Syne," The clock is ticking the moments on, While the tears in her aged eyes still shine.

The world of shadows which mock her so—
One might return to his vacant chair,
To sit with her in the fire-light s glow!
If only— Was that a white, white hand
That seemed to beckon her out of the gloom?
Or was it the embers' last bright flash
That startled the shadows round the room?

The Christmas Eve has passed at length;
A glorious day from the night is born;
The shadows are gone from earth away,
And the bells are ringing for Christmas morn.
But ah! by the broad old chimney-place
The angel of death keeps watch alone,
For straight to the Christ-child's beckoning arms
A longing spirit has gladly flown

A longing spirit has gladly flown.

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake. A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"
"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"
"WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MILD TALE, THE elder was down, mortally hurt. Just a single mean of agony, and then all was over; man is a lunatic beyond a doubt. I don't better half as the ball had struck him account of the half had the ball had struck him square in the temple, ust above the nos

For a moment the Danite chief stared, astonished at the fearful sight—the dreadful work of an unknown foe, for the shot had come from the window, fired by some one concealed in the grounds without. The secret slayer had spared the dark Danite chief and selected the Mormon, slain so mysteriously by the secret elder as a victim, that was evident.

And yet, without the house, there was not a sign to denote the presence of a living creature, bird, beast, or human,

The Danite turned to the casement and surveyed the grounds without. Twenty paces away was the open stockade gate, left open by the Danite himself on his hurried entrance Through this the unknown foe had fired the

fatal shot, and then had fled. "Was it a friend or foe?" the dark Danite "If a friend, why did he not wait that I might know whom to thank for the service, for, in truth, this brutal dog meant to

kill me, if I interfered in his schemes. Thus contemptuously did the agent of Mormon vengeance refer to the man now welter-

ing in his gore, who, living, had been one of the 'pillars of the church of Zion." As the Danite gazed upon the ghastly face of the dead man, a strange feeling of terror

came stealing over his heart of iron. There was no mistaking the mark of the bul-The self-same hand which had laid the burly Googer low, in the street of Corinne, had given his brother Mormon his death-wound!

The mark of the big derringer bullet proved that, and then instantly to his mind flashed thoughts of Gold Dan; but if Dan had dealt this blow, why had he not spared the Mormon and taken him, the one he had most to fear? The Danite glared around him, apparently

seeking an answer to the question, and then, out upon the stillness of the night, rung the sounds of a horse's hoofs, urged to topmost

Was the new-comer friend or foe? A horseman came dashing through the gate, reined up his steed so abruptly that the brute came trembling back upon his haunches, and

then threw himself to the ground. It was the Texan! And so white-so full of excitement that he

seemed like a maniac He darted into the house, and, pistol in hand, stood trembling at the door, eagerly listening as if he had been pursued by a score of fiends. "What's the matter?" asked Clark in his

deep toned voice, so quiet and yet so full of command, advancing as he spoke and laying his broad palm upon the shoulder of the other This man! he is a devil! I cannot kill him!" the breathless, gasping horseman ex-

claimed, shivering with nervous excitement, and yet evidently feeling the soothing restraint of Clark's powerful will.

"You speak of Gold Dan?"

"You have not killed him, then?"

"Yes, I have killed him twice," the man an swered, incoherently, the nervous excitement beginning to subside, and with it the frantic strength which had sustained him so well during the wild scenes of the night. His breath little hand of the girl, and conducted her down came heavily, and he leaned for support against the stairs.

nary man," Clark observed, in his quiet way, still keeping a close watch with his keen eyes him called a villain and a cutthroat, just close upon the agitated face of the other.
"And then when he fell prostrate at my feet

chopper—to make my vengeance more certain, from their hands." I emptied my revolvers into his body."
"And yet he escaped?" Clark exclaimed,

jumping to a quick conclusion. "I tell you I saw him dead at my feet!" the man cried, vehemently, "with no more life in him than is in the raw-hide fastened to yonder saddle, blood gushing from him from a half-

"Oh, then he is dead?" Clark began to believe that the man was either drunk or crazy.
"No, he is not dead, or else if he is dead his spirit haunts me!" the Texan cried, trembling with excitement and his fierce, black eyes rolling in such frenzy that they seemed likely to

Clark laughed grimly; neither man nor devil could daunt his soul; the first he despised, the second he doubted. He had seen many a stout fellow go down in fierce and bloody fire, fated never to rise again in life, but never a one of them all had ever come back to revisit the

"After I had slain him," the Texan continued, "after I had given him wounds enough to let out the lives of six men, I flung myself upon my horse, and fled. I rode straight to your den, just as you directed. I found the horse there, as you told me I should. I mounted, and rode straight for this point, according to the instructions fastened to the saddle; but an hour ago, when I turned into the main trail, who should I come face to face with, but this man!"

"With Gold Dan?"

"Yes; unhurt—unharmed!" "You are sure?"

"Yes; either he it was, or the devil in his

"And what did you do?" "Fired six more shots, straight at his

" Ves!" "And he fell, all bloody as before."

"And you fled again?"

"Without waiting to see whether your shots had really taken effect or not?" "I waited for nothing," the man answered, wildly. "I fled; that is all. Wait! you will

see his spirit come riding up soon!"

From the wildness of the man's manner, the idea occurred to the Danite that all his story was but the fancy of a disordered brain, and

so he resolved to act accordingly.
"I have changed my plans," he said, abrupt-"Instead of going to Salt-Lake I want you to return to my den in the mountains, and keep close there till I come to you."

"I will, but I will not return the way I came," the man replied, with a shudder; "his spirit bars the path!" And then, without more crosses the path of John Clark. Come! say words, he flung himself into the saddle and rode off in the direction of Salt-Lake.
"Poor devil! he's mad!" the Danite ex-

claimed.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE SECRET SLAYER AGAIN. THE Texan had fled at his horse's topmost speed, and the Danite watched his departure in

amazement. "It's no use to send him to Salt-Lake as long lieve that he's seen Gold Dan at all; in madness

The sound of the hoof-beats of the flying steed died away in the distance, and the Danite dismis ed the subject from his mind.

"Now for Polly," he murmured, as he turned and again looked upon the body of the

"Whoever fired the shot did me a service, for Biddeman meant mischief," he mused. The girl is up-stairs, I suppose. Poor child! it was a narrow escape for her; this fellow would have had no mercy upon her, and to think that for years I have been low and degraded enough to do the dirty work of such rascals as this hound and the rest of his brethren! Bah! I am worse than a red-skin!'

With this contemptuous exclamation, the Danite proceeded to search the ranch in order to discover the prison-place of the girl, which was soon found, and great was the joy of the figure of the plainsman, gazing with astonished captive when she looked upon the stern face of the Danite chief.

Man of blood though he was, hated by some and feared by all, yet on this occasion he seem-

ed like a guardian angel to the girl.
"Oh, Mr. Clark, you will take me away from this dreadful place, won't you?" she

"Yes, you are free to depart; no one will attempt to detain you," he answered. "And Mr. Biddeman?" Polly questioned,

with a timid glance around as though she feared the burly Mormon would step forward and not seeking a quarrel, but if it does come, I'll attempt to prevent her departure.

"You need have no more fear of him," replied Glark, in his grim way. "He will never trouble anybody any more, in this world." The girl understood his meaning, and a slight

shudder passed over her slender frame. "And you had to kill him to save me?" she asked, grateful and yet regretful that blood had been shed.

"No, he did not fall by my hand, although as things stood, the chances were that he would either kill me or I him, within ten minutes, when some unknown party settled the matter by shooting the elder through the window." And you do not know who it was?"

"No; not the slightest idea, excepting that it was no friend to the Mormons, and perhaps not to me, although, if the party had chosen, he might as easily have settled me as the elder,

for I was nearest to the window." 'Oh, let me get away from this horrid place!" the girl cried, impulsively, advancing oward the door.

The Danite moved to one side, to allow her

She paused, irresolutely, in the entry.
"I am afraid to go alone," she said; "will you not come with me?" "Afraid to go alone, and yet not afraid to

trust me?" he asked, his strong voice growing of wonder passed over his face.

"Can it be possible?" he murmured. He quite soft, and even tender. Trustfully she extended her hand to him.

"No; I am not at all afraid of you, though men do talk evil of you." questioned her, but it was too late; the spirit had fled, and stern John Clark saw that he held

"The horses are in the corral," he said, as

"Killed him twice, eh?" the Danite repeat- they paused by the open door of the ranch; niture of the room, laid the nerveless arms

ed to tremble as he spoke; "why, when you hear men speak of John Clark—when you hear your ears and try to remember that, bad as he was, he dared to brave the wrath of the Saints -fell like a log, hewed down by the ax of the of Utah by rescuing you, a helpless victim,

"Why do you stay here?" she cried, abrupt-"This is not the only country in all the world! If you were to go to some far-off land, no one there would know any thing about you; you could begin life anew, and if you haven't done quite right in the past, you can strive to make up for it by doing a great deal of good in the future."

"Polly, your advice is good, and I ought to act upon it," he replied, slowly, "but it's hard work for a man to get out of the traces when once he's fairly in; besides, I haven't got anything to live for, and I might as well die here as anywhere else. There's a tough time ahead for the Mormons, or I'm out in my reckoning In the future they won't be able to carry matters with the same high hand that they have done in the past. No, Polly, I'll stay here and die in my tracks, with my boots on, as many a better man than me has done.

"Isn't there any thing that will induce you to quit this life and go away?" she asked,

And as she put the question, looking eagerly with her big, blue eyes full into the dark-browed face of the Danite, a wild wish came up in the stern heart, which long ago he had believed to be dead to all tender emotions. Yes, Polly, one thing would induce me to

go away and make a new try for it. "Oh, go-do go!" she cried, impulsively "If I could get a little girl like you, Polly, to go with me—to devote her young life to trying to make a better man of me, why, I'd

try the riffle!" The girl colored in confusion, and yet her embarrassment was not unmixed with joy, for in her heart of hearts she favored this great giant of a man—this terrible Danite chief, Long John Clark, Duke of Corinne

It was the old story. As the poet says: In joining contrasts lieth love's delights,
Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylph's;
And forms that ease the lion's fear-proof heart,
Find their loved lodge in breasts where tremors
dwell."

"Polly, what do you say?" the Danite asked; "will you go with me? I'm no Mormon with a dozen wives! In fact, in all my life, I never before saw the woman that was worth two straws to me until you came across my path; but you, why, I've seen you grow up from a child, and I've watched over you as a father would watch over his first-born, and when I heard that this brute of a Mormon had lured you away, I made up my mind to have you back, if it cost a dozen lives. I'm their Mormon dog, but I'm ugly sometimes, and just as apt to bite friend as foe; they know it, too, and there's not one of the Saints, from Brigham crosses the path of John Clark. Come! say the word, and I'll take you miles and miles away from here! We'll go 'way off over the Rockies to the golden shores of the Pacific; we'll find a home amid the foot-hills, where we can forget the past-forget that we ever knew such a place as this modern Sodom of a Utah!

"I will go anywheres with you," the girl said, simply and shyly, hiding her face upon his broad breast as she spoke.

"Heaven help me to treat you well, so that you may never have cause to regret this step!" the Danite exclaimed, earnestly, stooping his massive head and touching the forehead of the girl with his lips

And then, as the soft sound of the cares trembled on the air, there came the sharp, quick bark of a pistol-shot, fired from the extreme end of the entry in the rear; the door suddenly slammed to and the key turned in the lock outside.

A stifled gasp of mortal agony came from the red lips of the girl; her head sunk back, and as quick as the lightning's flash the consciousness came to John Clark that he held a piece of lifeless clay within his arms

For a moment he stood like one turned into stone, and then a step in the front door seemed to rouse him into action again, and, turning, he faced Gold Dan upon the threshold!

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CLEW AT LAST. eyes upon the tragic scene.

Involuntarily the strong right hand of the Danite grasped the butt of his revolver, while at the same time with the other he supported the helpless form of the stricken girl.

But Gold Dan was on the alert; he had been assailed too often lately to permit himself to be again taken at a disadvantage. His revolver was out, and with the shining tube he covered the broad chest of the Danite chief.

"Don't attempt to lift your hand, or I'll drill a hole right through you!" he cried. "I'm The thought of the Danite had been that the

plainsman was the author of the mischief done to the girl, but a moment's reflection dispelled the idea. The shot had been fired from the rear, and almost at the same moment that Gold Dan had appeared in the front doorway. Clearly it was impossible that he could be

the secret slayer. In the mind of the Danite there was not the slightest doubt that the shot had been aimed at his life, but a sudden movement of the girl had baffled the plan, and at a fearful cost.

"Go your way, stranger!" cried Clark "you and I will never be friends, but at the present moment I seek only the cowardly hound who fired the shot that has resulted so

"Is she dead, poor child?" "Alas! I fear so," and big tears stood in the eyes of the stern, strong man A convulsive movement unclosed the lips of

the stricken girl, and a few words escaped from It was the last effort of life. "Oh, how could you kill me?" she murmur-ed, and then she whispered a name; so low and faint that it seemed only a sigh, but the quick

bent over the girl as though he fain would have

ears of the Danite caught the sound, and a look

a lifeless form within his arms. Slowly, and as gently as a mother soothing her first-born, the fierce chief of border war carried the helpless form and deposited it upon the rude settee, which formed part of the fur- | Maine.

"A tall, dark fellow who has twice attempted my life to-night," replied Gold Dan, prompt-

What have I to do with him?"

revealed that his thoughts were far away. Yes, a Danite.' "Oh, no. The denial did not convince the plainsman.

"Twice, to-night, have I escaped him almost 7 a miracle," he said. "He came this way, and I have followed close upon his footsteps. This is a Mormon ranch, and just the place to afford him shelter."

"He is not here." 'But he has been here!" "Perhaps." "And where is he now?"

The Danite shook his head. "If he was one of my gang, as you evidentbelieve, do you suppose, for a single instant, that I would give you any information in regard to him? I say to you that he is not here—there is no one here beside myself and two lifeless bodies. If you doubt me, search the house; you are welcome to do so, as far as I am concerned. For the present, I do not wish to quarrel with you—I do not wish to quarrel with you—I do not wish to quarrel the slayer of this poor child, and given him to

meat, or anybody else's." The plainsman was a little puzzled by the speech; yet it bore truth on the face of it. It 43—A WOMAN'S HEART. By Mrs M. V. Victor. 10c. was of no use, then, to waste time here, and of little avail to push onward, dismounted as he was, and so he determined to return to Corinne for the present, and there deliberate over a

course of action.

"All right! I seek no quarrel except with this fellow who has twice attempted to murder me unawares. The next time we meet, perhaps the chances will be more even, and then if he escapes me I won't complain," and with this speech, Gold Dan turned and strode away,

leaving the Damte chief alone with the dead. Motionless as a statue Clark stood until the sound of the plainsman's step died away in the distance. The Danite seemed like a man stunned by a heavy blow. In truth, it was a terrible shock. For years Clark had led the life of an outcast and a wanderer. Few of womankind had ever attracted his eyes, and they, such as they were, were but toys to amuse a passing hour. But this girl—this child, so young, so innocent, so different from the bold, coarse women, the painted "angels" of the frontier towns, that she seemed like a creature cast in a different mold, had entwined herself around his heart, and now that she was torn suddenly from him, it seemed as if a great piece of his life was gone.

He walked slowly over to her side, and gazed wistfully at the pretty face now cold in

"If she had only lived, I might have become a different man," he muttered. "John Clark, the Danite leader—Long John Clark, the Duke of Corinne, would never more have struck terror into the souls of the Gentiles; a simple ranchman, I might have forgotten the old life, and amid my stock have led a new existence. But it was fated not to be. It is my doom, then, that I must still remain the Mormon sword—the destroying angel, the leader of the white savages, until some well-aimed bullet cuts short my thread of life and sends me to

join my victims in the other world." And then, as he stood and gazed with longing eyes upon the girlish face now stiffening in eath, thoughts of the man who fired the fatal shot filled his mind; his dark face grew darker still, and a terrible oath came from his lips.

"I'll hunt him down, though all Corinne op-ose me!" he cried, fiercely. "But am I sure the girl's lips; I think she saw him fire at me, and periled her own life to save mine. He is the secret assassin, then, who has been laying the Mormons low. It is more than possible; he, too, is the miner who has been working the lodes near Bear river, and whom we have driven off. It is plain, now, how he has managed to live all this time, but who would have believed that there was any harm in him? I knew that he hated the Mormons, but I never thought that he would ever do them any mis chief. I can understand, now, why he killed It was Googer who drove him away from his hidden lode, but he's struck his las

blow, now; before this time, to-morrow, I will have settled him for this world." One long, lingering look the stern, darkbrowed man took at the cold and silent face. and then, stooping, he kissed the icy lips; the

touch sent a chill even to his iron heart,

night's work!" He closed the house up carefully, so that no strollers could enter, and then hurried away. Straight to the lair of the Danites, on Anteope island, he went, called together his rough followers and bade them prepare for the war-

path. "Look well to your weapons," the chief of the 'angels' cautioned, "for we may have a hot time before we get through." "Where-away, Cap?" asked one of the out-

"Corinne, I reckon," Clark replied. "The sharps there carried things with a pretty high hand, the other night, but we mean business this time, and we'll take force enough to wipe out the whole town, if Corinne even so much as

crooks a finger at us. "That's the talk!" cried one of the gang, merrily, and the rest chimed in in assent. A free fight was meat to these bull-dogs To be continued—commenced in No. 400.

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"My gang?" Clark asked, slowly, but with vacant expression upon his face, which plain
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ON HAND

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The mouth may have its power of speech, But ah, what meaning lingers About the motions of the hand— The still and voiceless fingers!

A boy a father's palm may get Although unspeaking silver Although unspeaking, silent, Yet he will know just what it means However quick and violent.

The bride she gives her mate her hand; It means a free love-token; He gets it often after that Whene'er the peace is broken.

When on your ear a hand should drop And make your senses mystic, It means the owner is quite mad And somewhat pugilistic.

If fingers in your hair should be Provokingly entangled, They mean it would be better far If you had never wrangled. If some friend holds two fingers up, Just take it, then, as granted That something in the shape of V, Or rather "five" is wanted.

Five fingers rolled into a wad, And cast at your probosis, Means, with peculiar emphaseis, It's very bad on noses.

A finger pointed at you has
A meaning rather mournful,
More than all fingers of the hand—
Indeed, it's rather scornful.

The finger which your hearer puts
So tender on his eye is
Symbolical that what you tell
A something of a lie is.

A thumb placed gently on the nose, The fingers free for action, Reminds you that you are defied Unto your satisfaction. So hands and fingers have a speech Whose reading will not bother, Which you are always sure to catch In one way or another.

And when I reach my hand to you, Kind reader, softly take it; It speaks of friendship tried and true As any heart can make it.

Woods and Waters;

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

IN A DUCK-BOAT.

IT was long before dawn the next morning when old Mart shook me by the arm as I lay in

when old Mart shook me by the arm as I lay in bed, and whispered:

"Git up, Launce, ef you and Charley want fun. Tom's goin' to take the greenies out, and we're to have our route all to ourselves."

Of course it took but little time for me to get ready. Charley Green and I had arranged matters with Mart the night before, and the old man had promised to take us under his charge for the day. He seemed to have conceived an especial liking for Charley Green of late, possibly on account of the lad's humility and desire to learn. Charley was in the same room as myself, and it was not long before we were both dressed and following Mart down-stairs. As we passed the rooms of the rest of the party, the audible snores proclaimed that the occupants were still fast asleep, but we found the keeper of the light-house up and frying salt pork, fish, and who knows what else, before the old-fashioned stove in the sitting-room, where the genial warmth and smell were alike gratifying to the senses.

"Eat all ye kin, as hot as ye kin bear it, and

"Eat all ye kin, as hot as ye kin bear it, and swaller all the hot coffee ye kin pour down," was Mart's advice, which we were not slow to follow; for the cold morning had given us an appetite. Captain Bruce was the only other member of the party who was down with us in the dark, and he it was who came out with us after breakfast to the wharf.

It was still quite dark on the land, and the water was hidden from view by a damp, chilly mist that had settled over the whole river, but a dim grayish glow could be seen far away overhead in the east, that told of coming dawn.

By the wharf lay a whole fleet of boats and other in every degree of complexity. Mart seized one of the lines and drew up a small skiff, sharp at both ends, decked over at bow and stern, and having an oval well in the center in which to sit. Bruce drew up a similar one close by, and motioned me to jump in, while Green ensconced himself in Mart's craft. The guns were handed into the boats, and Bruce and Mart followed, when we cast off the lines from rings in the stern of the boats, into which they fastened with snap-hooks, and let them drop into the water. Tom Smith threw us the ends of the bow-lines, and we showed off pulling out into the stream. shoved off, pulling out into the stream.

"These North River duck-boats," said Bruce

to me, as we pulled away, "are a good deal more elaborate than they use out West or on the Chesapeake. There, any sort of a box that will hold a man and his gun will do for a duck-boat. Here on this river there is so much current and tide, and the sea comes so heavy at times, when the wind blows against stream, that Hence they use this kind of covered cance. It pulls easy against sea or current, and it is almost impossible to swamp it in any weather, on account of its decks and the hatch-combing around us."
"Yes," I said, "but isn't it pretty cranky?"

"Of course it is. We can't have speed and stability together in a boat of this size. If you want to cut the water you must have a narrow sharp hull, and such a hull will roll. All you have to do is to sit down low in the boat and mind your balance. You notice that the oars don't rest in row-locks, but pass through rings, and each ring has a pin which goes into a hole in the gunwale of the boat. You see that when one is out rowing alone, with his gun before him, it may be necessary to drop the oars at times and shoot. This method prevents the oars from being lost, and is very general on all American river-boats, whether for ducking or fishing." As he spoke, we were apparently entirely

alone on the water, a sea of gray mist shuttin out the shore and our companions alike, while we groped about in Cimmerian darkness. Still,

Bruce seemed to be entirely certain of which way to pull, for he bent to his oars with a will.
"How do you know which way to go, Bruce?"

"How do you know which way to go, Bruce"
I at last inquired, rather timidly.
"Well now, Poyntz," he said, with a smile,
"I hardly expected that question from a man
of your sense. We're trying to go up-stream,
and if you'll take these oars, you'll very soon
feel the difference between that and any other But, where are we going?" I inquired.

"We're going up to the feeding grounds of the ducks," he answered. "The river up here is full of islands, formed by accidental obstructions full of islands, formed by accidental obstructions to the current, and these islands are all low and marshy at the edges. Some of them are made of nothing but mud, like those in the delta of the Mississippi, while others have bold rocky bluffs. This part of the river is very little visited by tourists, who either stop at West Point or Catskill, or else pass on in the boats to Albany, on the way to Saratoga. The consequence is that we have a good deal of game still left. It has not all been killed off."

We stopped suddenly and listened intently.

We stopped suddenly and listened intently. We heard a confused, fluttering noise ahead of

us in the fog.
"Ducks," whispered Bruce, and he dropped his oars, letting the boat drift. The next moment he and I sat in the boat, gun in hand, gazing up-

The fluttering sound continued, mingled with quacks, and increased into a regular thunder of wings, and the next moment we heard the mov-

ports.
"Now, Launce, give it to them!" whispered Bruce; and we both fired up into the moving shadows, ghostlike and ill-defined.
Then we sat and listened.

Then we sat and listened.

The thunder of wings was changed to a confused fluttering, mingled with loud cries of alarm; and yet, through all the noise, we heard three distinct splashes close to the boat. Bruce dropped his gun, seized the oars and backed the boat down-stream with three or four strokes, then let it drift, while he leaned over the side.

"Watch your side, Poyntz!" he said, hurried-

I strained my eyes through the lessening gloom; and there, close by the boat, lay a dead duck, floating, feet up, which I seized as it went down-stream. Almost at the same minute, Bruce seized one oar and sent the boat whirling off to the left, when he leaned over the side and

swung in a second duck.

"That's all we'll get this morning, I think," he amounced, quietly. "The fog's too thick to find the other. We must pull away to the ground. That flock will come back. We fright-

ened them."

Bump! came something against the boat, and we heard Mart's voice.

"Pokin' round in the dark like spooks! What have ye done? We've saved five ducks for ye."

"Then one of them is ours," declared Bruce.

"I heard three splashes."

"We wen't energy over it. Can "said the old."

"We won't quarrel over it, Cap," said the old hunter, good-naturedly. "We've had mighty good luck, anyways. Now the fog's liftin'. Look there!"

ook there: He pointed away to one side. We were close to a low reed-fringed shore and the fog was rising every minute.
"Here's our ground," proclaimed old Mart,
and yonder's the blind. Come ashore!"

(To be continued commenced in No. 401.)

"Lovers' Telegraph.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

ONE Saturday evening, between ten and eleven o'clock, F'red Purple, assistant cashier of the Centretown National Bank, sat at his desk, busily engaged upon some back work that must be finished before Sunday.

Every few minutes Fred would go through a series of motions that to any uninitiated observer would have appeared extremely incomprehensible and ridiculous. He would bring his lips into close proximity to a sort of metallic bowl that was fixed just before him on the desk, and with a perfectly serious voice and manner would say to it:

"I hope you are not getting sleepy, dear!"

would say to it:

"I hope you are not getting sleepy, dear!"
And then, substituting his ear for his lips, he would seem to listen intently for a reply that was certainly quite inaudible at any distance; and would then add, with a satisfied air:
"Well, don't get impatient, darling. I shall finish this job in fifteen minutes more."

The intelligent reader, who of course keeps pace with all the great discoveries and improvements of the times, will not fail to understand that this metallic bowl which the assistant cashier in so endearing a manner was address-

cashier in so endearing a manner was address-ing, was one terminus of a *Telephone*; and we hasten to explain that the companion "receiv-er" or mouth-piece was located some distance down the village street at the residence of the widow Farwell, whose daughter Jennie was Fred Purple's sweetheart

widow l'arwell, whose daughter Jennie was Fred Purple's sweetheart. Fred was an ingenious young man, and had early taken advantage of Professor Bell's won-derful invention to establish a means of com-munication between the bank and Mrs. Far-well's cottage, so that he could keep up a con-versation with Jennie even when he was away

versation with Jennie even when he was away from her.

It may be added, too, that the existence of this apparatus was known, with the exception of the parties most directly interested, only to Mr. Jackson, the cashier. The board of directors would have held up its twelve hands in holy horror had they known of it. They were men of the "old fogy" type, who regarded all modern improvements as in every way ruinous and to be religiously avoided. Consequently they coldly voted down a motion once made by the cashier to have the bank connected with his cashier to have the bank connected with his house by a burglar alarm; they refused point-blank to have anything to do with telegraphs and telephones; and they even went so far as to turn twelve deaf ears to an enterprising light-ning-rod man who wished to insure the bank against being struck by the electric fluid. Old fashioned iron shuttirs on the windows, old-fashioned bolts and bars on the doors and an old-fashioned safe for the money were good en

old-fashioned safe for the money were good enough for them.

At a quarter before eleven Fred had just one more column of figures to add. He had gone quickly up the "units" row, and was already half way down the "tens" when he felt, all at once, a hand laid heavily upon his shoulder. Greatly startled, he looked around; and then he rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was not asleep. Three men—rough, hard-looking fellows as he had ever seen—stood behind his chair, one with a heavy bar of iron in his hand.
Of course Fred knew in an instant what they vere there for

man with the bar in his grasp who spoke—"fur interruptin' yer. But we concluded yer wasn't goin' ter git through at all to-night, and we've got ter be some ways from here by mornin'."
"What do you want?" Fred asked, with pardonable trepidation

'We want the twenty thousand dollars that's But the keys are not here. Jackson keeps

them up at his house."
"We know that, well enough; but it won't take us long to open the vault ef we're left alone. Ef ye don't mind, we'll jest wind this bit of string around ye a few times jest ter keep ye from squirmin'. It'll make it more binding, ye

"Oh, certainly," said Fred, in as pleasant a cone as he could command under the circum

He knew very well that he could not help nimself and he put the best face possible on the natter.

The "bit of string" was a clothes-line which

had probably been taken from somebody's back yard near by. This the three men proceeded to wind about Fred's body and arms and legs, without moving him at all from the chair; and he, poor fellow, sat there, stupidly leaning on his elbows, and permitting himself, without a struggle, to be, as it were, done up in a net-work of rope. He tried to move presently but he He tried to move presently but he

uld not. "Thar!" uttered the leader of the trio, at ength. "Now, my friend, let's have a day-ight understanding. We don't mean no harm to you; but ef yer raise a single squeak while we're goin' through that door, Jeems here, who will stan' over yer with ther bar—he'll drive the

will stan over yer with ther bar—he'll drive the thing through ther top o' ver head clean down to yer collar-bone. Are you sarvey?"

Fred nodded ruefully. Yes, he understood the yery well, and he had not the remotest idea of doing anything to bring down upon himself so uncomfortable an infliction. He could see that lard they recent whether they

they meant what they said.
So the leader, with one of the others, paying no more attention to Fred, set to work with the various implements of their trade to open the loor of the safe, while "Jeems," a heavilybuilt and dangerous-looking but apparently not ill-natured person, remained beside the young man, with the bar of iron in his hand and his restless eyes wandering about the room, re-turning every few seconds to rest upon his

The latter, as has been said, was tied down in just the position in which he had been sitting, with his arms on the desk and his chin in his hands. Moreover, though he did not yet realize

ing body of ducks passing overhead. It was dark below, but growing light above, and we could see faint shadows as the flock passed.

A flash illuminated the gloom ahead of us, and then another, followed by two loud re-

be in," said he.

"Yer mought be in a worse one," replied
"Jeems," sympathetically.

And then, to Fred's sudden surprise and delight, from the mouth of the telephone, distinctly, yet so low that he himself barely caught the murmur of the words, came a sentence from Lornic Former.

"It's not particularly comfortable for me, I an assure you. If you don't pay better attention, and talk to me once in a while, I shall go

A sudden idea flashed like lightning through Fred's brain. He did not seem to be in a condition to interfere with the robbery himself—one man against three, and he tied fast to his chair; but he could tell Jennie and she could go

chair; but he could tell Jennie and she could go for assistance. So, almost instantly he went on in answer to "Jeems's" remark.

"Perhaps I might," said he. "I doubt it, though. Just think of it! Here—" he turned his head as he was speaking, and spoke the rest of his sentence directly into the telephone, without the slightest pause or change of tone—"here I am, tied down to my chair, with a man standing over me ready to knock me in the head if I utter a cru!" er a cry!"
'P'raps then," Jeems philosophically suggest

et, "praps then, Jeems philosophicany suggested, "praps you'd better not utter it."

Fred scarcely heard the words, however. His ear was at the telephone, and all his senses strained to catch a reply. None came, however Jennie had not understood him, or, (more problem) ably), was too much startled to answer imme

"Do you hear what I am saying?"
Fred asked the question of the telephone; and he caught the feeble, trembling: "I hear. What shall I do?" that came back, before "Jeems's" ruff, base voice answered the same question which he of course took to be intended for him

'Hear? Of course I hear. D'ye s'pose I've "Hear? Of course I hear. D'ye s'pose I've got cotton in my ears?"

"Well, then," Fred slowly went on, running over in his mind all the while how best to shape his sentence so as, without exciting suspicion, to convey to Jennie what he wished to say. "Do you know what I would do if I were out of this? I would," here he turned to the telephone again and delivered the rest of his sentence as before, sharply and distinctly into the receiver—"go straight to Jackson's—wake him up and tell him to bring help at once! There isn't a minute to spare!"

Fred fairly hissed the last words into the infrument—overcome by his anxiety to make femnie understand, and for a moment quite forcetful of the man behind him. A low growl in its ear instantly recalled the latter's presence.

"Jeems" was eying him suspiciously.

"Look here, young feller, what are ye tryin' ter say? Anybody'd think—" Then he took a step forward, interrupting himself. "What is that thing yer talkin' inter?"

He stooped over and peered into the telephone.

Then again his eyes sought Fred's with an ugly "It looks like a bell or suthin'," he continued.
And then, with a fierce oath, "Ef I thought yer
was up ter anything onderhanded with thet
thar, I'd—"

He finished his sentence by raising his weapon

threateningly.

Fred gave an uneasy little laugh.

"Pooh!" said he. "You need not fret yourself about that. It is a bell, of course; but you're not such a fool, are you, as not to know it would ring here if it rung at all!"

"Jeems" reflected a moment, and seeming at length satisfied that his suspicions were undeserved, he relapsed into his former silence.

Fred listened painfully for some word from Jennie; but if she answered at all it had been while he was speaking to his companion. There was nothing more to be done but sit quietly and await the progress of events. He could not doubt that the girl had understood him; and before this she was probably on her way to arouse

fore this she was probably on her way to arouse Mr. Jackson. The cashier was a fearless and energetic man, and, once acquainted with the facts, he would lose no time in organizing a res It was nervous work for Fred Purple for the

next fifteen minutes—tied and helpless, listening to the ticking of the calendar clock, the deep breathing of his guardian and the murmured conversation of the two other men as they worked steadily away upon the lock. At one moment, as he realized that any attack or interruption from without might result in his own instant death, he almost wished he had made no effort to betray the presence of the robbers; and then, as he heard the leader congratulating himself that he should make even quicker we the lock than he had thought, his only fea that Jackson would not appear in time At last, with an exclamation of satisfaction the leader of the three gave a wrench to his in

strument and threw open the door of the vault and then Fred, who by turning his head could and then Free, who by turning his head could watch their operations very comfortably, saw them take up their lantern and go inside. As for "Jeems," he still sat there, stolid and faithful, his eyes roving often about the room, always returning at short intervals to observe his charge. "Jeems" had latterly taken his seat on a

high stool at Fred's side, and was so situated that his back was toward his two companions. Hardly a minute seemed to have elapsed after the disappearance of the two burglars within the safe, when to Fred's sudden surprise and joy he saw a gray head, which he recognized at once as Mr. Jackson's, appear around the corner of the vault and take a hasty survey of the apartment. So great was Fred's aston-ishment at seeing him that he must have betrayed it by some sudden movement had he been less firmly bound. But "Jeems," from where he sat, could not see the delight that only showed

tself in Fred's eyes.
Fred waited breathlessly another minute. Jackson must have somebody with him, and was probably now in consultation with them. Then once more a head appeared—this time the head of McPherson, the chief-constable of the town—a powerful man, who now stepped forward and advanced noiselessly toward the specting "Jeems." He was followed close Mr. Jackson, and the two, at the same in He was followed close stant, sprung forward, McPherson throwing himself upon the robber, and the cashier seiz-ing the door of the safe and throwing it to with

bang.
"Jeems" uttered a terrible oath, and turning on the stool, he and the officer came violently down upon the floor together, the latter upper

The vault door was furnished with a spring lock, and once shut, the robbers within were quite secure and the cashier at liberty to go to the assistance of the constable. The two to-gether, with some difficulty, at length secured their muscular antagonist, and then Mr. Jack turned to Fred and quickly cut him free.

The assistant cashier was, you may be sure, very glad indeed to be released from his rather undignified as well as painful position. He got up and stretched himself a moment and then at out his hand to the cashier.
"Blessed be the Telephone, Mr. Jackson," said

"Amen!" responded the other, heartily. "It has saved the bank over twenty thousand dol-

how Jennie had come to his house, a few minutes before, with tidings that the bank was being robbed. He himself had gone for McPherson and with him had at once come to the bank, entering by the cellar window and a trap which the rob-

bers themselves had left open. Jennie had volunteered to go herself for further aid, and he had sent his boy Tom with her; but he had

and must kiss something, she walked straight up to the Telephone and kissed that. "I wonder what the Board will say now,"

what they'll do. They will raise your salary."
And so they did; and Fred and Jennie were able to marry shortly after that—thanks to their "Lovers' Telegraph."

A SADDENED THOUGHT IN-VESTING.

BY H. S. KELLER.

- A little patch of heather brown, A silver moon reclining,
 A rolling slope of meadow's crown,
 A nature's group combining;
- A bro en wheel, a crumbling mill, A silent pond and rushes, A dying fount without a rill, A stream no longer gushes;
- A dying hope, a silent tomb
 That safely holds in token,
 A bended faith, a solemn gloom,
 A loving heart that s broken;
- A grassy mound, a slab of white, A sleeping spirit resting;— A silvery moon, a pale starlight, A saddened thought investing!

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE CATCHING OF 1877.

SPLENDID work was accomplished in the catcher's position in the professional arena during 1877. Indeed, never before in the history of the game was such fine play behind the bat witthe game was such fine play behind the bat witnessed as during the past season. Never before had the average pace of the pitching been so swift or difficult to attend to as it was in 1877. Not only was the speed of the ball great, but the horizontal curve imparted to it made it very difficult to judge correctly, and it required the utmost activity at the hands of catchers to escape letting balls pass them. Considering the speed and character of the delivery from the curved-line pitchers, the comparatively small number of passed balls recorded against catchers was quite a remarkable feature of the season's play. Hitherto players have received salaries more in accordance with an average reputation as players in the field and at the bat combined rather than for their special excellence as occupants of one regular home position in the field. In this way it has frequently occurred that an out-fielder has received a higher salary than a catcher; witness the case of George Hall's \$2,800 a vega gazinst Clenn's \$2,000. The that an out-fielder has received a higher salary than a catcher; witness the case of George Hall's \$2,800 a year against Clapp's \$2,000. The catcher's duties are now of such an onerous nature as to place him far ahead of any out-fielder in the value of his services. Indeed, the catcher and pitcher of a professional team are entitled to a third more salary than any out-fielder receives, and a fourth more than any others of the in-field players, except the one who acts as captain of the team. In other words, if a catcher receives \$1,500 for a season's service, a base-player should not receive over \$1,200, and an out-fielder not more than \$900.

player should not receive over \$1,200, and an out-fielder not more than \$900.

Just as fine play—better play in one instance—was exhibited by catchers of outside club teams as was shown by the catchers of the League nines. The latter included Allison, Snyder, Brown, Clapp, Harbridge, McVey, Anson, Dorgan, Hicks, Hastings, and Miller, the four first named taking the lead. White only played as catcher in three games, he occupying first base in 1877. Outside the League arena were Flint, Higham, Powers and Hotarena were Flint, Higham, Powers and Hota ing as the leading catchers whom we saw play Allison played a masterly game behind the bat when in good physical trim for his work. In fact, in close play he cannot be beat, especially in capturing low balls to the left of the batsman. He is not quick enough in returning to the pitcher, however, in which respect Clappe excels. This is an important point in the catcher's work. By promptly and accurately returning the ball to the pitcher, the latter player is employed to much a rapid delivery to the bet. Allison played a masterly game behind the bat is enabled to make a rapid delivery to the bat-not rapid as regards the pace but quick in repe tition; besides which he is thereby enabled to keep a closer watch on base-runners, and the atter decidedly prefer to run bases when the ball is in the hands of the catcher, than when

ball is in the hands of the catcher, than when the pitcher has it ready to throw.

The catchers of the past season had a habit of playing close up to the bat, when no base-runner occupied a base, after the second called ball or strike. Now the average of foul balls from the bat which come within the catcher's reach shows figures of over six to one in favor of balls offerchances for outs to the catcher standing the end of his position. In other words, size chances for high foul-ball catches or long foul ball tips are offered where one is presented sharp from the bat. This is the general rule. To play up behind the bat, therefore, when there is no up behind the bat, therefore, when there is no base-runner behind the bat, is a loss of chances for long foul tips or high fouls back of home base. We see nothing that can be gained by it except an opportunity to show the catcher's skill in close play, and he gets plenty of oppor-tunities of this kind when base-runners are in precition.

Snyder did some wonderful play behind the bat in September in supporting Devlin's swift pitching; and Brown's play in facing Bond's difficult delivery was excellent. But the best average catching of the season was that done by Flint of the Indianapolis nine, on whose splendid catching half of Nolan's pitching reputation was built. The weakest catching display in League club teams was that of McVey, whose failure to give Bradley the requisite support, led to the loss of the championship by the Chicago team.

drawback to the creditable work in the catcher's position in 1877 was the growling and grumbling at umpires' decisions, and the habit of "chinning" generally, which was indulged in by McVey, Anson, Higham and that class of growling players. If not put a stop to by club managers it will result in the clubs' finding it impressible to get a converted to the state of the mpossible to get a competent gentleman to cupy the umpire's position in 1878. Ump have an onerous duty to attend to, and a most nave an onerous duty to attend to, and a most unpleasant task under the best of circumstances, but with growling catchers to annoy them with insulting questioning of the impartiality of their decisions, and confusing them in judging of points of play, the disagreeable nature of their duty is doubled.

THE LEAGUE CONVENTION OF 1877.

THE League Association held its second annual convention from Dec. 5th to the 7th at Cleveland, and take the work done as a whole it was more to the interests of the professional class than that of any previous meeting of the Association. They had some very important matter brought before them, to which due consideration was given, and they seem to have acted with the purpose of purifying the professional atmosphere which was decidedly foul last season. What with their prompt indorsement of the action of the Louisville club in punishing its knavish players; their wisdom in refraining from any radical changes in the playing rules; their effort to get rid of the abuses connected with the umpires of the game, and their agreeing not to engage or even negotiate for the ser vices of players for an ensuing season unless the existing season has nearly expired, they have certainly accomplished better work for the interests of the professional class than at either of

their previous conventions.

One of the most difficult problems they had to solve was that involving the question of

At the last moment, Jennie Farwell appeared, trembling and tearful, followed timidly by Tommy Jackson. The first thing the girl did was to go and seize Fred's hand. And then, since she did not then and there dare kiss him a condition of things which threatened the very life of the National Game. That Upas in a condition of things which threatened the very life of the National Game. That Upas Tree of all sports, the Pool-room, had spread its roots to the very center of the ball-field; and its poisonous influence had reached the judges of Fred remarked to the cashier, as they were leaving the bank.

"I don't know what they'll say; but I know the game, the bribery of the umpires. This result was largely due to two most malign influences, the one being the growth of the evil of the abuse of umpires by players, while the other was the still worse influence of the gambling indulged in by club directors and stockholders. These two things combined to produce a state of demoralization in the professional arena in 1877 unprecedented in the history of their existence unprecedented in the history of their existence as a class. This was the all-important difficulty the League had to encounter, and how to legislate to improve matters was unquestionably a difficult task. Of course whatever was done in the way of new rules and laws applicable to umpires and umpiring, had to be more or less of an experiment, inasmuch as the existing condition of affairs was unprecedented. After considerable discussion of the matter and due consideration of the several suggestions offered, the contion of the several suggestions offered, the convention concluded its action on the subject by adopting a plan which, on its face, scarcely seems likely to succeed, and yet it may turn out to be just the thing wanted. The new rules in question are, in brief, as fol-

"Any two clubs may agree on any person for unpire for any game or number of games. If no agreement is reached the visiting club shall, five days before the game, select five names from a staff of league umpires, and from this five the home clubs shall select one, and shall be charged with producing him on the ground. If the home club fails then the visiting club may select an umpire, If the visiting club fails to send in the names, then the home lub may select an umpire. The staff of league umpires shall be three times as many in number as clubs in the league. Every club shall nominate as many men as it believes to be good umpires, and send their names to the secretary. All clubs shall select a proper number from the combined lists."

This much for the preliminary rule governing This much for the preliminary rule governing the choice of umpires. The new move made by the League in respect to the umpiring is as follows. Quite an arbitrary supervision of the field has been given to the umpire; his jurisdiction having been largely extended and his powers enlarged makes him master of the grounds during the whole of the game, and requires him to keep both teams at work, and to keep the players of the batting side in their proper positions. It also commands him to compel any player to do any act, to carry out the spirit as player to do any act, to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of the rules. He may fine players from \$10 to \$20 in case of disobedience

This new move may be regarded in the light This new move may be regarded in the light of a coup d'etat, and as such it may result in greater evils than the one it is calculated to remove. Still something had to be done to induce a better class of men to enter upon the umpire's duties, and anything to be effective had to be new and somewhat startling. Next season's experience will show whether it was politic or not. If it gets rid of the nuisance of abuse of umpires by players and their confunccious disputing of by players, and their contumacious disputing of decisions, it will have done good work, if nothing else is gained by it. We find the subject of the work of the convention fruitful enough for another article.

Ripples.

IF your overcoat hasn't been worn out more han a half-dozen times it will do to wear again this winter.

"Moral force is never lost," observes a contemporary. The same can be said of a broken-bladed pocket-knife.

START your fire with coal-oil, drag your gun through the crack of a fence, muzzle foremost, do something to cause a sensation. THE proprietor of a hotel at Dunkirk, N. Y., fell dead the other morning just after charging a traveler \$3 for two meals and lodging.

In a voting contest for a rubber suit at a fair in Portland, Me., John Gammon only got 23 votes out of 83. Gammon never does win, in the "THERE is no man in this country, accordng to his story, but has lost from five hun-lred to one thousand umbrellas." His-story-

cal fact. Now let's have a law passed to make a twentytent piece legal tender for a quarter of a dollar. Then we shall be all ready to legislate a quart

into a pint pot. TURKISH general to Turkish colonel: "Cclonel, the day after to-morrow is pay-day. You will take care that to-morrow we have a warm

An exchange remarks that "some people are wholly unable to appreciate delicate irony." We have observed this ourselves, particularly in the case of washwomen and shirt-bosoms.

"I WISH that you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir!" roared a lawyer at an exasperating witness. "I am paying as little as

A Wisconsin landlord is mourning over a delinquent guest who came to town to deliver a lecture on "How to Get Rich," and then hadn't enough change to pay his hotel bill.

A COLORED preacher in Alabama put his foot

on excessive bribery at elections, and crushed it. "Dis t'ing," he says, "ob getting \$100 for a vote is all wrong; \$10 is as much as it's A WESTERN girl visited a music store and asked for "The heart boiled down with grease or care," and "When I swallowed home-made pies." The clerk at once recognized what she

desired. A CHINAMAN in Sacramento, the other day, poured a bucket of cold water over his wife while she was asleep. Here's a chance for another version of the standard novel, "Washee

"YES, gentlemen, you've got me right where I live," as the country grocer remarked, when a committee called at his house at six o'clock in

the morning with a subscription-list for a new village brass band. of a woman in church to the crying of some other woman's baby, and how deafer than a post she is when her own offspring sets up its piercing squall?

"You appear in a new role, don't you, old fel-low?" was what the impertment young man re-marked, as he dug a cockroach out of his fresh

permeated the landlady's pallid cheek. A LITTLE boy in a Scotch school was asked if he did not wish to be born again. "Born again!" said Tommy; "no, I wadna." "You wouldn't?" cried the teacher, sadly; "why not?" "For fear I'd be born a lassie," said Tommy.

An auctioneer, at a late sale of antiquities, put up a helmet with the following candid observation: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder, but whether he was a brass or iron founder I cannot

A HARTFORD sexagenarian and his son, young man of twenty, are both vigorously courting the same girl. As the old man, however, has all the money, we'd venture a small bet of ten dollars to a bad cent that he knocks lown the persimmons

An indignant and belligerent actor once called on Col. Greene, of the Boston *Post*, and was thrown down-stairs. He went down so fast and noisily that the editor thought he had killed him. Rising to his feet and brushing his knees this son of Thespis cried: "Mr. Greene, you shall hear from me for this!" "Thank God that I hear from you at all," was the devout reply; "I was afraid you were past hearing from.